

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1880.

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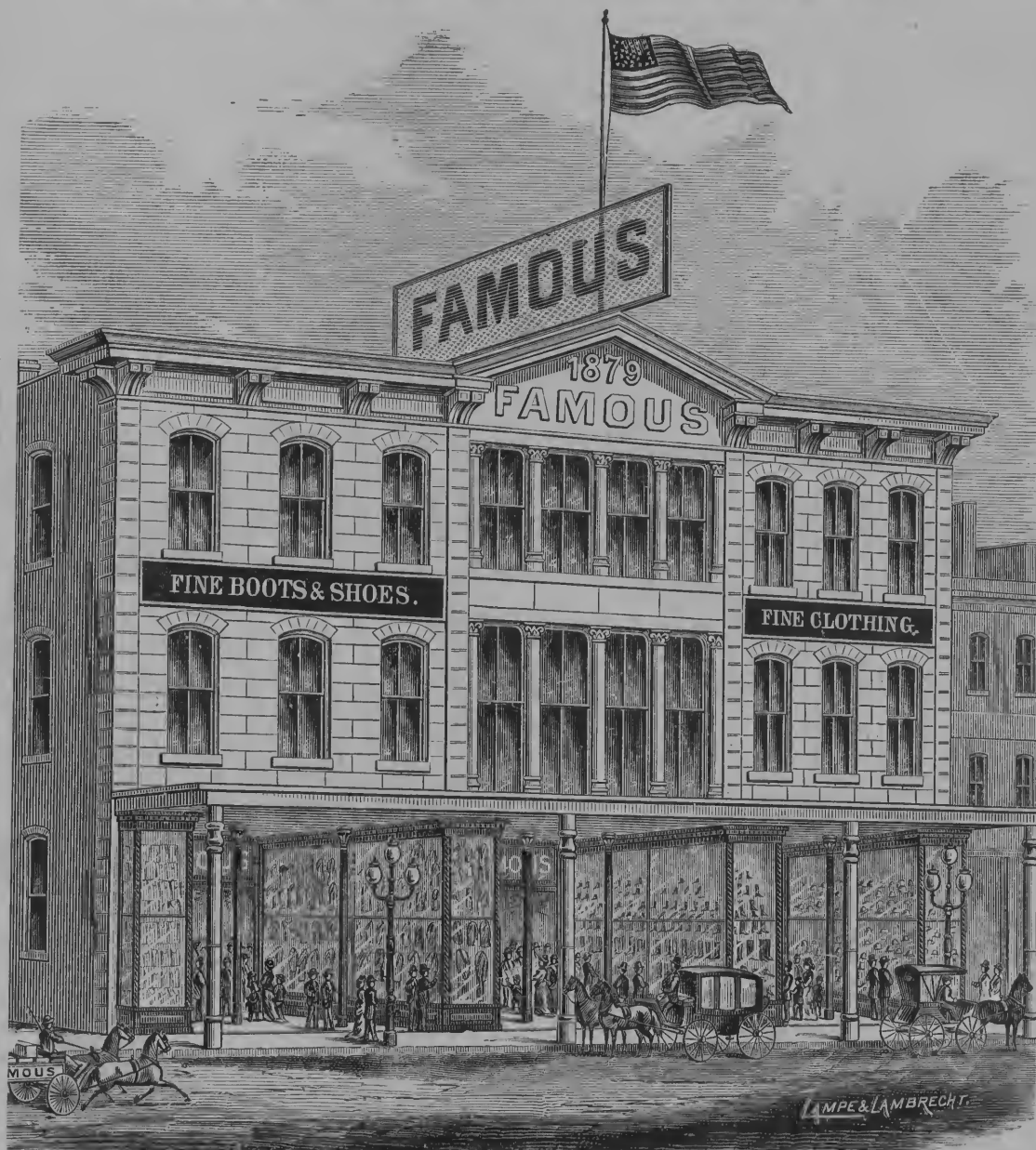


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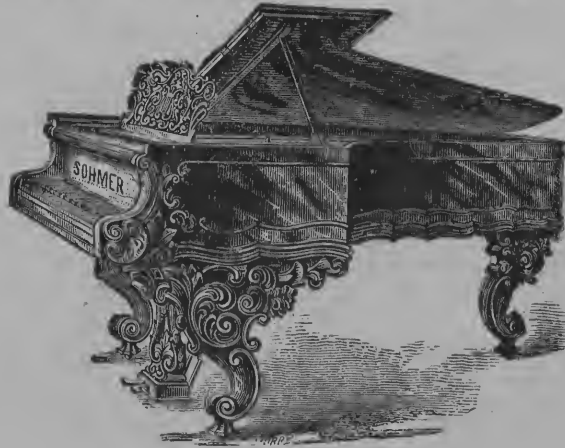
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Devoted to Music, Art, Literature and the Drama.

VOL. II.

ST. LOUIS, MARCH, 1880.

No. 7.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Down to the tide, by Jersey side—
O, pause and shed a tear—
A fair young dame for water came,
And almost got a bier.

How can I tell what her befell?—
Alas, that such things be!
The fierce, rough sea rolled in, and she
Rolled in the fierce, rough sea.

"Oh, take me in! Oh, take me in!"
Affrighted, did she shout,
The breakers dread had turned her head;
She meant, "Oh, take me out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who heard that frightened shout,
And through the din cried out, "Swim in!"
Yet should have cried, "Swim out!"

Forgive who can the cruel man
Who raised his horrid hand,
And with one swift and mighty lift
Propelled her safe to land.

Now some there be who say that she
Doth oftentimes thoughtful sit,
And say "The sea had swallowed me,
Had I not swallowed it."

And now a sort of moral short
I point in two lines more;
Far better stand unwashed on land
Than be washed upon shore.

—Harper's Monthly.

COMICAL CHORDS.

THE dress-circle—The belt.

PITCH in music does not defile.

UNIVERSAL MUSIC—The bank note.

PASTOR-AL—The elergyman's beer.

SHEET music—Children erylmg in bed.

AN!—The French horn—a glass of absinthe.

NOTES of music are always sold by the score.

A TURKEY with clipped wings has a defective flew.

WHEN a man has the gout, his voice becomes *all toe*.

MIGHT the *timbre* of a bass voice properly be called bass-wood.

THE first thing that a man takes in his life is his milk; the last is his bier.

THERE is one bone which even a hungry dog refuses to gnaw. It is a from-bone.

BELL MUSIC—The music of the bell is not its tongue. Bells should remember this.

ALL songs are written in "bars" and in *tones*; they are all, therefore, bar-y-tone songs.

Crows practice *chro-matic* scales. Hens *en-harmonic* scales or "lays" *con egg-spressione*.

"HAVE another dozen, Bill?" said a drunken man; "let's get up a furor in the oyster business."

"HORRID little thing, without a set of bangs to her name," is the newest Chicago phrase for describing a rival.

"DOES your wife play euchre?" asked one. "No," replied the other, rubbing his head, "but she's death on poker."

IT is not safe to criticise a singer's upper register. She may become heated, which will act as a damper upon you.

A PARISIAN musical dictionary defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

"CALL me early in the morning; call me early, mother dear," is not to be quoted after this year, because it's sleep year, you know.

A CHILD being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

"SHALL I hereafter darn your stockings," is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap year proposal.

THE youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went sadly up stairs saying: "Good-bye, sweet tart, good-bye."

"SOMEBODY'S waiting when the Dewdrops fall," is the latest song. Somebody will probably have catarrh or influenza, then. These songs are not adapted to our climate.

WHEN you see four or five children who need combing, washing and patching, holding a convention on a front door step, you have come to a house where the mother paints pottery.

A DANBURY man can kick eleven inches higher than his head. Should this year prove a good one for fruit he hopes to make considerable money in traveling through the state and kicking boys out of trees.

FATHER (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table): "Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating, I always leave the table." John: "Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."

THE Texas style of popping the question: "I see a great mind to bite you." "What have you a great mind to bite me for?" "Kase you want have me." "Kase you ain't axed me." "Well, now I ax you." "Then, now I has you."

TEACHER: "Now, Robby, what is the plural of inouse?" Robby: "Dono, m'm." Teacher: "Why, Robby, I am surprised. The plural of mouse is mice. Don't forget that now." Robby: "No 'm." Teacher: "Now tell me, what is the plural of house." Robby: "Hice."

A FAIR debutante at a late ball "received" with a large, almost embarrassing armful of bouquets. To her is presented one of our "howling swells." F. D.: "No fewer than eight bouquets—just think of it! Are they not lovely?" H. S.: "Yaas. Lovely indeed. And how good of your papa."

MR. LINCOLN used to tell a story about a big Hoosier who came to Washington during the war, and called upon a street Arab for a shine. Looking at the tremendous boots before him, he called out to a brother shiner across the street, "Come over and help Jimmy. I've got an army contract."

ONE of the lady teachers in a Reno public school a few days since was laboring with an urehin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now, Johnny, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" Johnny: "A suck."

"SEE that my grave's kept green," he warbled under the window of his fair one's domicile, one pleasant night last week. "I'll tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged parental ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second-story window. No more concert that evening.

LITTLE Henry returns from catechism. He wears an air of melancholy. "What's the matter, dear?" asks Aunt Augusta. "Monsieur le care is always scolding me. To-day he asked me how many gods there were." "Well, you told him one, I suppose?" "Oh, aunty, I told him five, and even that many didn't satisfy him."

AN ingenious manager in Burlington has made a drop curtain representing an enormous bonnet with sprays of flowers and drooping plumes. This is let down on the play early in the first scene, and is kept down all the evening, and the audience, seeing about as much of the play as it is accustomed to seeing, goes away delighted.

AN Oil City Irishman having signed the pledge, was charged soon afterwards with having drunk. "'Twas me abseut mind-edness," said Pat, "an' a habit I have of talkin' wid meself. I sed to meself, sez I, 'Pat, coom in an have a dhrink.' 'No,' sez I, 'I've sworn off.' 'Thin I'll dhrink alone,' sez I to meself. 'An' I'll wait for yes outside," sez I. An' whin meself cmm out, faith an he was dhrunk."

Kunkel's Musical Review.

I. D. FOULON, A. M., LL. B., - - - EDITOR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., - - - MARCH, 1880.

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IF ANY of our subscribers have failed to receive any of the numbers of the REVIEW, or should do so in the future, they will greatly oblige us by informing us of the fact, so that we may be enabled to trace the fault to its proper source.

NO ONE interested in music and musical literature ought to be without KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. It is the best and cheapest musical paper published. The publishers invite comparison with similar publications. Send for sample copies—they are free. Show your friends our card at the head of Publishers' Column, page 104.

SCHOOLS, and teachers, wishing to become familiar with our publications, will receive any they may wish to see for selection, and they can return them, if they are not suited to their wants. Remember, we publish nothing but good music, such as every teacher should introduce into his class. Good music elevates the taste.

WE take pleasure in calling the special attention of our readers to the charming sketch entitled "The Singers' Offering," which our distinguished friend Count de Vervins kindly consented to write for the REVIEW, and which we publish in this number. After having read it, our subscribers will doubtless wish to become better acquainted with this skillful author, and we promise them that we will use our best endeavors to procure for them that pleasure in future numbers of our paper.

THE present editor of the REVIEW took full editorial charge of it with the July number of 1879. At the time, he thought it would add to his editorial independence if he preserved his *incognito*, and, although the publishers wished it otherwise, his name has not heretofore appeared. It has since transpired that several of our local musicians have been supposed to be at the head of the REVIEW and in some quarters

have been made responsible for its editorial expressions, expressions with which they perhaps did not agree. Under the circumstances, the editor thinks it but right to put an end to surmises by allowing the publication of his name, and thus publicly assuming the responsibility of the editorial views of the REVIEW since he has managed it. He only hopes that the professional musicians of St. Louis will not feel lonesome when they discover in him one who, although an admirer of their art, never has been a member of their guild.

WITH the next number we shall enlarge the REVIEW eight pages. These additional pages we shall devote to the publication of music—vocal and instrumental—carefully selected from different catalogues. Each number will contain from two to four pieces. The principal piece published each month will be accompanied by a lesson of the piece prepared by eminent and practical teachers. Our paper will thus become a means of practical education in the science and art of music and will be more than ever indispensable, alike to teachers and pupils, to professionals and amateurs. The plates for these pieces will be prepared from new type and gotten up in the best style of the art. Our readers will, of course, see the difference between the indiscriminate publication of all manner of musical trash, for advertising purposes, which we have taken occasion to condemn in these columns, and the publication of sterling works which we propose. The subscription rates of the REVIEW will remain the same as heretofore; subscribers will still be entitled to the full amount of their subscriptions in music of their own selection from any catalogue, home or foreign. The additional expense which this new departure will entail upon the publishers is justified by our ever-increasing circulation. Our subscription list, however, is like an omnibus, there is always "room for one more," and we hope our readers will show their appreciation of our work in their behalf by sending us new names.

THE FUTURE OF OPERA.

THE very moderate success, or, to speak more plainly, the relative failure of grand opera in the United States during the present season, is doubtless due to a variety of causes. There is one factor, which we believe to have been the principal one in this result, which we do not remember having seen mentioned by our contemporaries and which may be expressed by one familiar word—*Pinafore*! Among the patrons of the opera, it cannot be denied that a large number did not love or support it for its own sake, but only because it was *le bon ton* to do so, and they did not dare to be so unfashionable as not to pretend to delight in it. "Pinafore" has popularized opera in the United States, has made it an amusement for the masses, and, in so doing, has stripped it of that conventional halo of exclusiveness which was its principal attraction to the nincompoops of "society." They are the class who have been conspicuously absent from their accustomed places at the opera, much

to the sorrow of the managers, who would quite as soon handle the money of intellectual imbeciles as that of wiser men. It would however be a grave mistake to conclude that the true lovers of opera have diminished in numbers in this country, or that the more serious styles of opera music are no longer relished by the American people. "Pinafore" has begun a work which "The Pirates of Penzance" promises to continue, in creating a taste for opera music among a large class of persons of moderate means but artistic instincts, who will eventually be the strongest supporters of that form of art. True, they may not feel able or inclined to pay three dollars a seat; they may think, as the *Globe-Democrat* expressed, it speaking of Mapleson's prices, that a charge of three dollars means "Two dollars for 'Her Majesty' and one dollar for opera," and refuse to pay for a name, but, with reasonable terms of admission, opera has a future in this country which will far surpass its past. The present is only a transition period from opera for fashion's sake to opera for its own sake. Opera was a luxury, it is not yet quite a necessity; but, while the demand for it is diminishing in certain quarters, it is bound to increase in a much larger ratio in others.

THE SUBJECTIVE IN CRITICISM.

Fluctuating, capricious and ever-varying as experience has shown it to be, taste evidently cannot be measured by any fixed, mathematical standard. Upon the other hand, much as men may differ as to what is good or bad taste, they universally believe (outside of speculation), that there is a good and a bad in taste, just as they naturally believe in the existence of a good and a bad in morals. The existence of a sense of the beautiful is testified to by the same authority that testifies to the existence of the sense of moral responsibility or even to personal being: our consciousness. Upon the belief in the existence of this innate sense and in the regularity and constancy of its action, the whole science of criticism is necessarily based; for if there were no such sense, or if, unaffected by extraneous influences, it acted differently in different individuals or at different times, it is evident that, except by the merest chance, there never could be any agreement between critics as to even the most elementary matters—that is to say, no recognition of any critical canons. But, while we know that such is not the fact; that, on the contrary, there is a very general agreement as to the correct principles of criticism; we too often lose sight of the no less important fact that all criticisms are necessarily tinged with the personality of the critic—in other words, that, however honest or able the critic, his views will be more or less the expression of his own subjectivity. Blair very justly says: "Though reason can carry us a certain length in judging concerning works of taste, it is not to be forgotten that the ultimate conclusions to which our reasonings lead, refer at last to sense and perception. We may speculate and argue concerning propriety of conduct in a tragedy or an epic poem. Just reasonings on the subject will correct the

caprice of unenlightened taste, and establish principles for judging of what deserves praise. But, at the same time, these reasonings appeal always in the last resort to feeling. The foundation upon which they rest, is what has been found from experience to please mankind universally." Now, feeling, the "last resort" in matters of taste, is entirely subjective and may be consciously or unconsciously affected and biased by many things entirely outside of the object which is to be referred to it for its appreciation. This peculiarity of the human mind, which under certain circumstances, causes it, so to speak, to project the hue of its predominant modes of thought or feeling upon the objects which it chances to be considering and which really have no connection with those thoughts or feelings, is truthfully portrayed by Shakespeare, when he puts into the mouth of the Salarino these words:

My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Vailing her high tops lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethink me straight of dang'rous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now, worth nothing.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

We do not mean to say that critics, as a rule, are so possessed by one idea that all others suggest it in some way or other, though even that is not so rare as might be desirable, but what we do say, is that preconceived notions, personal preferences and national prejudices are by all men consciously or unconsciously projected more or less into the field of pure criticism. To cite but one instance: who has during the last ten years seen a criticism of French works by German critics, or of German works by the French, which was not more or less colored by the national antipathy engendered by the late war? Not only mental impressions but also physical states are reflected in the work of the critic. The dyspeptic sees the same pictures, hears the same music, reads the same poems as his neighbor who is blessed with a better digestion, but unconsciously he writes *dyspepsia* upon his every appreciation. Perfect fairness in criticism could be reached only if we could entirely eliminate the subjective element from judgments, but this we believe we have shown to be an actual impossibility. If this be so, a perfectly fair criticism from a human source is not to be had or expected. Were this fact kept in view, there would, on the part of critics, be less dogmatizing and foolish assumption of infallibility; on the part of the public, less blind trust in their dicta and on the part of artists and *litterateurs*, less readiness to ascribe unfavorable and even very unjust criticism to personal spite or malice:

"Twad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion."

Music.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of art;
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above the mart.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

WE'RE DREAMERS ALL.

Who does not dream? We're dreamers all!
Perhaps it isn't wise,
But old and young, and great and small,
Make Dreamland Paradise.

In peace, upon its mother's breast,
The kiss-quieted child
Sinks gently to its blissful rest,
And dreams of angels mild.

The youthful dream of laurel crowns,
Of love and friendships true;
They reck not storms nor sorrow's frowns,
But smile 'neath skies of blue.

The aged, dreaming of the past,
Think happy was their lot.
Forgotten now Fate's chilling blast,
Life's toils remembered not!

The fairest face we e'er have seen,
The sweetest song we've heard,
The noblest thought we've thought, have been
But dream-ghosts, fancy-stirred.

The maid, the flow'r, the golden star—
What are they but a dream?
We love them, not for what they are,
But rather what they seem.

Dreams are the sunlight of our life,
Bright rays that change to gold
The storm-clouds, big with coming strife,
The mists, so dark and cold.

Then chide me not because I dream!
No, let me dream away,
For better Dreamland's mystic beam
Than is the light of day.

I. D. F.

MUSICAL CULTURE.

It seems to me that musical culture may be conveniently considered in four aspects: The training of the taste, which enables us to feel and interpret musical works; the training of the ear, which enables the mind to grasp the order and relationship of chords, phrases and periods which we hear; the training of the eye, which, conversely, enables us to hear the order and relationship of chords, phrases and periods which we see on the printed page; and lastly the practice of some instrument, whether it be the natural voice, or one of the numerous artificial instruments. Among these four departments of culture—the discipline of the taste, the ear, the eye, and the mechanical faculties which are exercised in playing and singing, it seems to me that the training of the taste has an overwhelming importance. Music is the art of combining sounds so as to please the ear, and it addresses itself in the first place and chiefly to the emotional and artistic side of our nature. We can study music from various sides, and for this reason music attracts to herself various classes of minds. To one man music is an affair of mathematical calculations about the scale; to another music means yellow leaved old psalters and primers; another is absorbed in the collection of Esquimaux lullabies, or Indian boat songs; another can talk of nothing but Gregorian tones and Church tradition. All these men, the mathematician, the antiquarian, the ethnologist, the churchman, and the physicist, find their separate fields of study in music, and it is when they crowd upon us, proclaiming all at once their own views, that we are apt to lose sight of the real nature of music as an audible appeal to the laws of beauty which are implanted in our minds. Let us not for a moment be narrow-minded enough to ridicule these investigators. From all of them we have much to

learn, and we shall be all the stronger in judgment and knowledge from hearing what they have to say. But while we gladly accept their contributions, let us keep our eyes fixed upon the broad fact that the essence of music does not lie in the figures of the mathematician, the lore of the historian, or even in the rules of the harmonist, but in the works of the great masters, as they reach our ears through the voices and instruments of worthy exponents.—*Musical Record.*

ANECDOTES OF HANDEL AND HAYDN.

Handel, in his younger years, was a man of violent temperament, and only after the loss of his eyesight did he become tractable, or, more properly, docile. In his furious moods he did not hesitate to lay violent hands upon those who opposed his imperious will. While director of the royal opera in England it became his unenviable lot to make up the cast of the opera which he composed. His singers were exceedingly obstinate and jealousy reigned supreme, and disagreeable *entre-actes* were common. Handel's severe manner and broken English seldom healed matters. On a particular occasion his prima donna positively refused to sing the part allotted her, and without much ado the composer of the "Messiah" lifted her up and threatened to throw her from the window. It is needless to say that she yielded to this argument.

It is also told of Handel that when asked his opinion of certain compositions of a contemporary, he examined them over night, and then hung the manuscript out of his window. The horror-stricken admirer of Handel, who had come full of high expectations, was consoled with the remark that they needed a little "air," and he tried to remedy the defect in the quickest way possible. Not so bad a pun for a foreigner!

Haydn, the contemporary of Handel, lived in a very quiet and unostentatious manner. It was his duty to write a composition every morning and then direct the orchestra that played it. Whenever this constant drain exhausted his prolific mind, he was wont to renew its energies by pacing up and down his apartments and muttering a prayer for every bead on his rosary. Is it strange that much of his music is heavenly?

A very pleasant anecdote is told of the friendly rivalry between Handel and Haydn, which, though it may be the outgrowth of pure imagination, is yet too good to be lost. It is, accordingly, related that they made a wager that neither could write a composition for the pianoforte so difficult that the other could not play it from sight. It did not require much time for these prolific composers to complete their work, nor did Haydn hesitate a moment in playing Handel's work.

Handel attacked the young Maestro's effusion with his accustomed confidence, but soon came to a dead halt. The left hand was required to strike a full chord in the lowest base keys, while the right was similarly chained to the utmost upper end; while there, in the middle of the piano, without a possibility of reaching it, was another note required to be struck, simultaneously. "That cannot be played!" exclaimed the irritated Handel. "O, yes it can," replied complacent Haydn. The more the former investigated and experimented, the more firmly he became convinced that the feat was impossible. "Let me see you play it," cried Handel in despair, upon the repeated assertions of Haydn that it could. Smiling complacently, the composer of the "Creation" sat down and commenced playing. When he came to the disputed passage, he played the chords with his hands, an easy feat, and struck the note in the middle of the key-board with his nose! Handel paid the bet.



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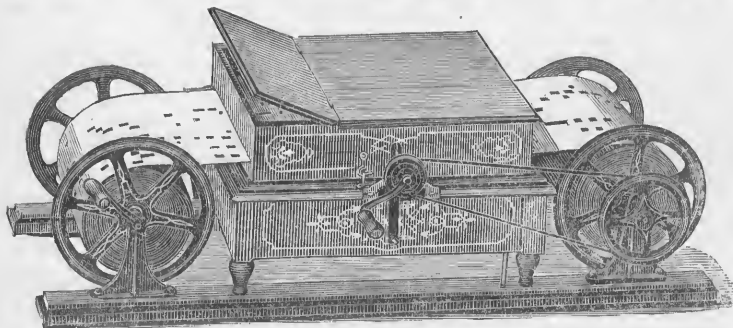
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FACTS ABOUT ORGANS.

Musical persons, more or less, decide the excellence of a church by its music. Classic minds are fond of classic music. This is clearly demonstrated in the large audiences which attend the organ recitals in the Trinity Church, Chiekering and other halls, where extensive organs are to be found. A good organist, with a suitable organ, never fails in attracting the masses, and the larger the organ the wider its appreciation. It's a homely old saying, "Mean music, meaner church," yet it isn't wide of the mark, especially when applied to church organs. From authentic resources we learn that their invention is attributed to Arehimides about 220 B. C., and to one Ctesibus, a barber of Alexandria, about 100 B. C. We believe the organ was brought to Europe from the Greek Empire and used in divine service in A. D. 657. Organs were used in the Western churches by Pope Vitalianus in 658. An Italian priest constructed one in the time of Louis I., and it is claimed that it was the first organ known in France. The organ at Haarlem is one of the largest in the Old World; it has sixty stops and eight thousand pipes. In Boston, Mass., there is one second or third in size to this monstrous instrument. It was opened during Christmas week of 1863. At Seville we find an organ with one thousand stops and five thousand three hundred pipes. The organ at Amsterdam has a set of pipes that imitate a chorus of human voices. In England, that at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, is the largest, next in order that at Yorkminster, and that in the Music Hall, Birmingham. A monster is to be found in Spitalfields Church. Another in Christ Church, London, is nearly as large. In June, 1857, an immense organ was erected in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Since 1863, the use of very large organs has become universal.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 104.

PARIS OPEN-AIR CONCERTS.

Among the prettiest scenes to be witnessed during the summer season in Paris, may be reckoned the appearance of the Tuilleries or of the Palais Royal when, toward sundown, one of the bands attached to the regiments quartered in the metropolis interprets a programme of half a dozen pieces. During the heat of the day, the public gardens are well-nigh deserted, and trifling indeed is the result of the tours of collection in which the elderly ladies, who keep guard over the chairs for which a rent of a few *centimes* is asked, are continually engaged. But at six o'clock the aspect of the place changes. The band, forty or fifty or sixty strong, as the case may be, march into the circle reserved for their occupancy, and hundreds of seats are gathered about them and promptly tenanted by a class of listeners which no public and gratuitous performance of the sort could possibly bring together in the United States. Soon the throng becomes so dense that not even a glimpse of the musicians can be gotten from its outermost limits. The pretty children, who have hitherto been at play with an unceasing accompaniment of shrill shouts and silvery laughter, cluster about their parents and *bonnes*, and the music begins.

An admirer of ultra-classical compositions will hardly go into raptures over the programme. The band draws upon the *opera comique* repertoire, and upon Strauss, Gungl, and a new demigod of waltzes and quadrilles, *nomine* Fahrbach. Incursions into the domains of Beethoven are few; and Wagner's "Evening Star" romance and his "Rienzi" overture are the only selections from the German composer's works which out-of-door audiences, such as we refer to, ever listen to. On the other hand, if he appreciates delicacy of tone and precision of execution,

the listener will often be more than pleased. The best bands—of which the band of the Garde Republicaine is first and foremost—have a tone of wonderful purity and sweetness; a string orchestra could not play some passages with a more ethereal lightness, and even the most vigorous *fortes* are never rough or deafening. The reader who remembers the achievements of the Garde Republicaine, when that body took part in the Boston Jubilee, will no doubt bear the writer out, to some extent, in this assertion. This *corps de musique* still holds its supremacy. It is now under the direction of M. Selleniek, the *second chef* when the American tour was entered upon. M. Paulus, the former leader, has left the service and is now engaged by the proprietor of the Bon Marche, the largest dry goods shop in Paris. The Bon Marche, it seems, has a pay-roll of several hundred clerks, male and female, and a choral organization of its own. So M. Paulus does not handle silk and satin, but devotes several evenings a week to the musical education of liberal M. Boueicaut's employees.

THE WORDS OF HYMNS.

History will show us that it was no part of the system of the sixteenth century—that century which gave birth to Palestrina, Vittoria, and others whose genius then forever stamped music as one of the brightest and most glorious arts vouchsafed to mankind—to overlook or underrate the due importance of words. You have heard how in Palestrina's time church music in Rome and wherever the influence of Rome prevailed, underwent a sort of crisis. The fair flower was almost choked with weeds. Abuses were so flagrant that there was a question of banishing all music from the Church. There is some obscurity as to the nature of these abuses, but it seems that the chief of them was the utter carelessness and indifference that had crept in as to the treatment of the words. At that time the range of church music was so circumscribed that, in place of a healthy outward growth, all invention was confined in its operation within a sort of charmed circle, and sought relief in the most curious devices, of which the most objectionable—and that which was made the *gravamen* by the cardinals deputed by the Tridentine Council to examine into the matter—was the extraordinary misuse of words. It will hardly be believed that it was a common practice for the words of different portions of the Mass—the Kyrie, the Christe, the Et in terra, and so forth, to be sung simultaneously by the different voices; and, not only so, but the words of the hymn or song which gave the title to the Mass—and these often secular words—would be recited by one of the parts simultaneously with the words of the Mass by the others. Such was the fashion when Palestrina came upon the scene. Moreover, the multiplication of parts had been carried to an absurd extent. Pieces, were written in twenty, thirty-six, or even forty-eight and fifty parts; the result of which was, of course, both a musical and a verbal chaos. The cardinals determined that this scandal should cease, and insisted that in future all and each of the words and their import should be distinctly apprehended. It was at this juncture that Palestrina produced the *Missa Pope Marcelli*, which at once rescued music from the slough of despond into which it had fallen, and placed it on a pinnacle of glory and beauty.

W. H. GLADSTONE.

THIRTEEN composers have set "Romeo and Juliet" to music: Benda, Dresden, 1772; Schwanberg, Brunswick, 1782; Marescalchi, Rome, 1789; Hummel, Carlsberg, 1790; Dalayrac, Paris, 1792; Steibelt, Paris, 1793; Zingarelli, Milan, 1796; Giuglielmo, 1816; Vaceai, 1826; Berlioz, Paris, 1830; Bellini, 1830; Marchetti, 1875; Gounod, 1867.

TELL your neighbors and friends to read the REVIEW.

Miscellaneous.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

IRENE, a new opera by Gounod, will shortly be made public.

ROMEO AND JULIET, of Bellini, has been brought out in Madrid.

It is now said of the missing Friend that he "lived not wisely but too well."

M. SARDOU, the famous dramatist, is writing the libretto of a grand opera.

"LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR MAJOR," is Offenbach's one hundredth work of this kind.

ROSSINI's charming "Count Ory" is in rehearsal at the Grand Opera, Paris.

"WIELAND DER SCHMIED," a new opera by Max Zenger, will shortly be produced at Munich.

MAURICE GRÄU's French Opera Troupe returns to the Fifth Avenue March 8th, for three weeks.

SALLIE REBER has been engaged to sing the leading part in the Philadelphia cast of the "Pirates of Penzance."

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA" has been successful at Bologna, Italy. The composer, Goldmark, was called out twenty times.

It is the exclamation of the Milanese who attend the concerts of Joachim that "Paganini has come to life again!"

ANTON RUBINSTEIN has gone to St. Petersburg to superintend the rehearsals of his Russian national opera "Kalaschnikoff."

THE merchants of New Orleans have guaranteed Max Strakosch a subscription of \$50,000 for an Italian opera season next winter.

"LES PETES DE BACCHUS," a new two-act opera, music by Mme. Heritte Viardot, is accepted at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm.

CHICKERING & SONS are running their factory in Boston to its fullest capacity day and night. They are taking on additional help daily.

MR. OLE BULL has appeared in a new character at a reception in Boston—as a lecturer on philology. The Spanish language, he said, is beautiful; the English is stiff, like the Englishman himself.

CAMPANINI has a celebrated Italian cook to travel with him, and prepare national dishes when he wants them. He and Del Puente are both married and their wives accompany them and read all their letters.

THREE grandsons of Henry Steinway, Sr., are serving a regular apprenticeship in the manufacturing and merchantile departments of the business. They will eventually be the controlling members of the firm.

THE many friends of Mrs. Zelda Seguin will regret to learn that she is still so ill that she is not likely to sing again this winter. She is at St. Paul, where she was stricken down with an attack of congestion of the lungs.

MADemoiselle HEILBRON is about to undertake the role of *Ophelia* in the opera of "Hamlet" in Paris. She has copied much, it is said, from the talented young actress who plays *Ophelia* with Mr. Irving in London, at the Lyceum.

ALBERT WEBER is said to possess a fine voice, which made its rich, pure and sympathetic tone, combined with greatest power, known to all who stood in the parquette of the Academy at the *vox populi* performance of Gilmore's "Columbia."

PROFESSOR JOHN K. PAINE, of Cambridge, Mass., under whose management the present excellent series of University Orchestral Concerts are being given, contemplates a series of Chamber Concerts in Boylston Hall, on the college grounds.

A DIAMOND ring given by the Empress Maria Theresa to Mozart when, at the age of six he played before the Austrian court, in 1762, has just been presented to the Salzburg Mozartium by Madame Erard. It was formerly in the possession of Madame Spontini.

THE Milwaukee *Sentinel*, speaking of the Arion Club concert of February 19th, says: "Among the numbers given, Robert Goldbeck's 'Spring is Coming,' a chorus for mixed voices, was a prominent attraction on account of its charming treatment by the composer."

THE Moscow butchers are gallant, and likewise amateurs of music. Mme. Hassonna's butcher, with whom she was in arrears, was so transported with her performance as *Desdemona* in Rossini's "Othello," that rising from his stall, after the famous romance: *Assisa al Pie d'un Salice*, he shouted, "I forgive you your debt!" which *cri du cœur* was followed by the mingled laughter and applause of the entire audience.

MR. SANTLEY has instituted a prize of ten guineas to the student at the Royal Academy of Music, London, who shall be adjudged best in accompanying and in transposing at sight. At the first competition, which took place only a few weeks ago, the prize was awarded to Mr. J. Harvey Lohr.

WITH a wild sarcasm not often noticed in European papers, the *Parisien*, in an article on Clara Louise Kellogg (whom it refers to as "the piquant, dark-eyed, dashing American prima donna"), alludes to "her graceful figure, which shows to a great advantage with a nobby ulster." Just imagine Clara in an ulster!

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS' health has improved much since his residence in Algeria. The climate of that country has been very beneficial to that virtuoso, who has occupied himself in his leisure moments in collecting Arab songs. From Moscow also it is announced that the health of the great virtuoso, Henri Wieniawski, is restored.

MISS HOPE GLENN, the American contralto, carried off the honours at the Covent Garden (London) promenade concert recently. She was recalled three times in Beethoven's "Creation Hymn"; and, in spite of the edict issued by M. Riviere to his artists that no "encores" are to be responded to, the audience shouted to such an extent that, in her favor only, the rule had to be relaxed, and Miss Glenn sang again.

A MUSICIAN named Bruno was recently killed by an electric shock received from the apparatus for producing the electric light at the Holte Theatre, Aston, Birmingham. A single powerful battery supplies all the lights of the theatre and its adjoining grounds, and the wires conveying the current pass over the orchestra of the theatre. On leaving the orchestra Mr. Bruno placed his hand on the wire, and received the full shock of the electric current. He was rendered unconscious by the shock, and died in a short time.

A CONCERT of remarkable historical interest has been given at the Brussels Conservatoire by M. Gevaert. The music consisted entirely of compositions of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, all the pieces being performed on, or accompanied by, the instruments of their time, belonging to the fine collection in the Conservatoire. The programme included pieces for the clavichord by Couperin, Rameau, Bachel, Van den Ghelyn, Scarlatti, sonatas by Handel and Boccherini, a psalm by Marot, an air from Lulli's "Amadis," the French noels of the seventeenth century.

A GRAND musical festival is to be held at Rome next Easter in honor of the great composer, Palestrina, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument, to be erected to him in the concert-room of the Societa Musicale Romana, in the Doria Pamphili Palace, in the Piazza Navona. Verdi, Ponchielli, Marchetti, Bazzini, Pedrotti, Giamatti and Rossi among the Italian composers; Capocci, Meluzzi, Battaglia and Terziani, among the Romans; Thomas and Gounod, among the French; and Wagner and Liszt, among the Germans, have been invited to write pieces for the occasion. Verdi has undertaken to compose a paternoster.

THERE are now in France 1,700 women engaged in literary pursuits, and 2,150 who make a living by cultivating the fine arts. Two-thirds of the former were born in the provinces, chiefly in the South, while a similar proportion of the artists were born in Paris. Of the 1,700 female writers, 1,000 have written novels or short stories for young people; 200 are poets; 150 write on education and science; the remainder are compilers, translators and the like. Of the artists, 107 are sculptors, 602 oil painters, the majority being painters of portraits, flowers and still nature; 193 are miniaturists, 754 painters on porcelain, and 494 draw and engrave on wood, paint in water colors, ornament fans and the like.

A DISTINGUISHED painter of Vienna recently exhibited at the Kuenstlerhaus an historical painting, the chief attraction of which was the magnificent head of an old man. A few days later the painter received a call from a mysterious visitor who, after complimenting him on the masterly execution of his picture, asked him in confidence for the name and address of the person who had sat as model for the old man. The painter good-naturedly satisfied the visitor's wish. A few hours later two detectives proceeded to arrest the handsome old man, Veneestas Guncsel by name, who, besides being the model immortalized by the Viennese painter, was likewise a notorious jail breaker, and one of the most dangerous garroters of Vienna.

LORENZO DA PONTE, author of the librettos of Mozart's two most famous operas, passed the last thirty-three years of his life in New York, where he died in 1838 in his ninetyeth year. He was noted for his eccentricities and his love of literary compositions, and made it a rule, which was observed almost to the day of his death, to compose a sonnet in Italian every morning before dressing or eating. Some mornings inspiration came readily, and the venerable librettist would find himself a prompt attendant at the breakfast table. At other times his muse was less accommodating, and it would be almost midday before the fourteen lines were painfully wrought into proper metrical shape; and he has been known to toss about his bed, unshaven and unkempt, a ludicrous figure, until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, to complete his task, when he would rush to the breakfast table and devour his well-earned meal with a voracity which those present on such occasions could not readily forget.

Jean Paul's Operatic Fantasies.

WHAT DISTINGUISHED PIANISTS, COMPOSERS AND TEACHERS SAY THEREOF.

ST. LOUIS, October 18th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in expressing my gratification as to Jean Paul's "Operatic Fantasies," solos and duets, published by your house. They are the best and most effective operatic fantasies of moderate difficulty, intended for the average pupil, that have ever come under my notice.

Teachers wishing good teaching pieces, which at the same time treat popular operatic airs, will I am sure give these compositions a most hearty welcome. The typography and correctness cannot be surpassed. As yet I have not been able to find a single oversight of any kind.

The superior fingering throughout the fantasies is another feature that cannot be too highly recommended, and it is bound to be appreciated by all conscientious teachers, as this important art is generally neglected by composers.

Yours truly,

ROBERT GOLDBECK.

ST. LOUIS, October 27th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—With all the wealth of great and noble productions which the different periods and forms of musical art have contributed to the pianoforte literature there is a deficiency in some of its departments. Composers have almost completely ignored the wants of that numerous class of players who have attained to a considerable degree of mechanical development by prolonged practice of studies, exercises and compositions of more serious character, and who naturally wish for some lighter music, selections from operas, etc., suitable for home and parlor entertainment. True, there is a multitude of potpourris and fantasias, so called; but they are in most instances the effusions of musical penny-a-liners, clumsily transcribed, without the knowledge of musical laws and technical requirements, degrading in their tendency and ruinous in their influence.

The publication of your Operatic Fantasies, by Jean Paul, is to be considered in many regards an event of importance, as the great amount of knowledge and practical experience which the author has deposited in his work must prove a most valuable addition to the scanty material of a much-neglected musical sphere. Without wishing to enumerate the very many excellent traits of these Fantasies, I am sure that amateurs will not be slow in discovering their great attractiveness, and that teachers will immediately recognize their euphonic effectiveness and pedagogical features, such as systematic fingering, correct setting adapted to the peculiarities of the instrument, and will admire the cleverness of the author who offers useful technical material in a most interesting musical garb.

I feel confident that this opinion will in a very short space of time be endorsed by a unanimous popular verdict.

I am, very truly yours,

FRANZ BAUSEMER.

CHICAGO, October 27th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I have just examined a series of Opera Fantasies, edited by your house, which seem to me to fill a want long felt. It is to be hoped that the old-time Potpourris of Cramer and Beyer, already becoming obsolete, will be driven out entirely by just such fantasies. I have already taken occasion to compliment your editions. What I said then applies equally to these works, which are by their complete fingering and phrasing especially adapted for teaching purposes. There is no squeamishness observable about the use of the thumb on black keys, and a change of fingers at a recurrence of the same note. The duets are real four-hand pieces and not simply a treble arrangement with a baby bass to it. I hope that the prevalence of foreign fingering will induce you to issue an edition in which it is used. Almost anybody can write difficult music, but Mr Jean Paul seems to have conquered the art of writing easy music as well.

Believe me yours truly,

EMIL LIEBLING.

NEW YORK, November 28th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. KUNKEL:—

After a careful examination of the "Operatic Fantasies," by Jean Paul, you left with me, it gives me pleasure to state that I find them very effectively and musically arranged. I cheerfully recommend them to my friends and to those of the profession who are not acquainted with them. The excellent fingering, phrasing and typographical beauty will especially commend them.

JULIA RIVE-KING.

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROTHERS:—

Gentlemen:—I am charmed with Jean Paul's new Operatic Fantasies on *Fatinitza*, *Trovatore* and *Pinafore*. Do not fail to supply me with the remaining numbers of the series as fast as they are issued. They are superior to anything of the sort I have seen. I have long needed just such pieces for teaching purposes without being able to obtain them. Accept my thanks and congratulations. Yours very truly,

CHARLES FRADAIL.

NEW YORK, November 28th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROTHERS:—

Dear Sirs:—I have played and thoroughly examined the excellent Fantasies of "Il Trovatore," "Fatinitza," and "H. M. S. Pinafore" etc., from the new set of Operatic Fantasies by Jean Paul, published by you. I must say that I consider them most pianoforte-like and musical. I think they supply a want long felt by teachers, and, in my opinion, no teacher ought to be without them.

Respectfully,

S. B. MILLS.

ST. LOUIS, October 22d, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

I have carefully examined the new Operatic Fantasies, Il Trovatore and Pinafore, as solos and duets, and think Jean Paul has added fresh laurels to his already well established fame as a popular writer. The airs are very pleasingly and effectively arranged; players of moderate ability can have no difficulty to learn them.

A very commendable feature of these editions is the careful fingering to be noticed in every measure whereby the pupil, in the study, and the teacher, in the teaching thereof, is much assisted. I heartily recommend them to my friends and the profession.

WALDEMAR MALMENE.

CHICAGO, October 25th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gents:—With great pleasure I have played over some of Jean Paul's Operatic Fantasies, published by you, and found them superior to any that have been hitherto in the market. Both by their effective arrangements and choice selections of melodies, still evading very difficult passages, they are made accessible to the bulk of piano pupils. Please send me your different Fantasies as soon as published. Very respectfully,

H. WOLFSOHN.

ST. LOUIS, October 23d, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I have with pleasure perused the Fantasies of Il Trovatore, Fatinitza and H. M. S. Pinafore, both as solos and duets, from the new set of Operatic Fantasies by Jean Paul, published by your house. I unhesitatingly pronounce them the most beautiful, practical and effective Operatic Fantasies now in existence, suitable to the wants of the average pupil.

Their typographical beauty, correctness of fingering throughout every measure (to the value of which every teacher will certify), and their general correctness could certainly not be surpassed.

I am sure they must soon become the favorite set of Operatic Fantasies of the profession, for whosoever they are once heard they can unfold their banner with the proud motto, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Please send me the different Fantasies as they are issued.

Very truly yours,

MARCUS I. EPSTEIN,

Teacher of Piano and Harmony at the

Beethoven Conservatory of Music.

I heartily concur in the above.

A. EPSTEIN.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE, OHIO, Oct. 19th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gents:—I received the Fantasies—H. M. S. Pinafore and Fatinitza—of the new set of Operatic Fantasies, by Jean Paul, which you have just published. They are arranged in an unusually pleasing and instructive manner, bringing out the principal melodies clearly and yet with such embellishments of accompaniment as suggest other effects and ideas than do those miserable scribbles of airs from these operas that flood the land.

One who has heard H. M. S. Pinafore performed immediately finds himself sailing "the ocean blue," presently little Buttercup comes on board with her quaint song, the bell trio suggests that lively scene, and lastly he is worked up to an enthusiastic spell—more particularly if there is any British blood in his veins—by the spirited strains of "He is an Englishman."

The Fatinitza Fantasia introduces "Now up, away," "Chime ye bells," the waltz song, "Ah! see how surprised he is," and "March forward fearlessly," making a good and well wrought out selection of the best airs from this favorite opera.

The exact tempo, indicated by the metronome marks, is quite an assistance to those who have "never," or "hardly ever," been present at a performance of said operas, as in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the original effects are completely lost by wrong tempo.

The correct fingering throughout every measure, is another feature deserving the greatest praise.

These Fantasies by Jean Paul are, without exception the best pianoforte arrangements of H. M. S. Pinafore and Fatinitza I have seen yet.

Yours truly,

WM. ARMSTRONG.

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CARL BERGMANN, Conductor of the
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WILLIAM MASON,
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CARL ANSCHUTZ, Director of the
German Opera.
SAMUEL P. WARREN, Organist of
All Souls' Church.
THEO. EISFELD, Conductor of the New
York and Brooklyn Philharmonic Con-
certs,
Dr. HENRY S. CUTLER.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

THE SINGERS' OFFERING.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

Ville-Jossy is a large burgh of Touraine, which one sees lazily sleeping upon the river bank when one goes down the Loire, from Blois to Tours. Its white vine-covered cottages with their green blinds and red roofs; the hills against which they seem to lean and which are all crowned with verdure, or with wood, from the midst of which spring forth the elegant turrets of a *chateau* in the style of the *renaissance*, or the terrace of an Italian villa; the pointed steeple of its church and the vineyards which cling to the neighboring hillsides—in a word, everything around it, gives it an air of comfort and makes it one of the prettiest burghs which can be found, even in that charming country, which has been justly called "The Garden of France."

This description, though short, is quite faithful; I have an uncle who lives in the neighborhood and I know every inch of the surrounding country. But, in order to tell the whole truth, I must add that Ville-Jossy presents this enchanting aspect only when the sun is radiant, when beneath its bright beams the river rolls in silver waves, when the green trees are full of twittering birds and love-built nests, when the eglantine blossoms upon every hedge, when the swallows fly in large circles around the belfry, and when through the half-open window or from beneath the partially raised curtain there flies forth the sound of some rustic refrain, or one catches a glimpse of some beautiful maiden actively engaged in her modest household work. But, when it rains, when the ditches along the road from Tours to Ville-Jossy overflow with muddy water, when the distracted trees bend and creak beneath the efforts of the wind, when the little birds are cold in their nests, under the outspread wings of their mother, when not a swallow is seen around the steeple, and when all the windows are closed, I assure you that Ville-Jossy is not a cheerful place.

Now, the story which I am about to tell you, opens on just such a day as that. Until noon the weather had been splendid, but all at once the sky had become clouded, a warm wind had sprung up from the East piling up the black clouds above the burgh, the villas, the hills and the road to Tours. At last the atmosphere could bear no more, and the Storm-king lifted up his voice and began to reprove the elements and to batter with the numerous discharges of his lightning artillery the clouds which had pretended to eclipse the light of the sun. Then the poor clouds began to race to and fro and to run against one another, as the fleece of a flock of sheep bound and press together in some Arabian valley, when the roar of the lion is suddenly heard. At last, frightened by the thunder, beaten with the strokes of lightning, the clouds began to weep, and they wept so bitterly that the oldest citizens of Ville-Jossy declared that since the deluge they had never seen such a rain.—Was I not right in calling them "oldest citizens?"

Luckily for mankind, however, this new deluge lasted only forty minutes and not forty days; for in our days everything degenerates and dwindles—men as well as things. Still, this was enough to thoroughly soak two travelers whom I will now introduce to you.

The one was a man of some fifty years of age, very tall and corpulent; his gestures and his gait were however not at all heavy; on the contrary, all his motions were graceful to a degree hardly ever found among very large men. He had a magnificent head, and he carried it in the style of Danton or Mirabeau, and the nobility of his features, the pride of his gaze, had often caused him to be compared to the Olympian Jove. This description may seem somewhat pompous, but it is only true, and its correctness can be confirmed by many of our contemporaries. His companion was not so large, and much younger. He was thirty years of age, but looked not over from twenty-three to twenty-five. A long black mustache shadowed an exquisite mouth, whose outlines expressed something of haughtiness; his beautiful eyes shone like two black diamonds, and beneath his abundant hair, which curled naturally and had the hue of the raven's wing, his complexion, of that warm paleness which the Italians call *morbidessa* in the arts, revealed a Southern origin. Both were dressed with that careless elegance which is characteristic of good breeding; but just now, we must admit it, our two travelers were in a pitiful state, and one must have been a woman or a thorough man of the world, to discern and recognize all the personal excellences, which we have just enumerated, beneath the coat of slime and the splashes of mud which covered them, and in the rain which had spoiled the shape of their hats, stuck their hair to their faces and given to their clothes that sad and limp appearance which we all know. Besides, in aristocratic Touraine, the clay of the highways has a very special affection and attachment for patent-leather boots. Hence our travelers, who did not seem accustomed to long walks, made but slow progress, fuming very naturally against the road, the rain, their luck and Touraine.

"We will melt before we get there!" said suddenly the younger of the two—

"Especially," replied the other, "since we must have taken the wrong road! We ought to have turned to the right; I told you so, but you would have it otherwise!"

"What is this metropolis of which I catch a glimpse yonder?" replied the young man, trembling lest his companion should be right.

"That must be Blois," said the large man gravely. "Since the distance between the two places is only one hundred and eighty miles, we must be pretty near it, considering the time when we left Tours."

"Unless it should be Paris!" said the other, continuing the joke.

"We'll soon find out," answered the first speaker, "for I hear a carriage." He stopped and slowly turned around, for he had to carry two small mountains of clay, which, though they were not as high as the Himalaya, were painfully heavy, and they awaited the approach of a buggy which was drawn by a vigorously trotting nag.

"*Per Baccho!* It's a priest!" said he as soon as he was able to distinguish the driver of the vehicle.

"Just the thing for you, *Maestro di Capella*," replied his young companion. "As church people, you will understand each other, and he will forthwith drive us to the baroness' in his old shay—Come now, Luigi, be eloquent and persuasive!"

"Are you crazy?" answered Luigi; "if I talk of getting into his carriage, seeing us in this plight, the good man will think that we intend to murder him; he will lay the whip with all might upon his Bucephalus, and we will not even get the information we wish to obtain." They were still talking this nonsense when the buggy caught up with them and stopped.

"What do you wish, gentlemen?" obligingly asked a white-haired and benevolent looking priest.

Luigi composed himself, that is to say, he suddenly lost the half smiling, half jeering air which he had when alone with his friend, and bowing with exquisite grace, he said: "Father, please excuse us for stopping you on this road in this horrible weather, but my friend, the Marquis de Candia, and I are going to the *chateau de Nangis*."

"Why, you are more than nine miles from it!" interrupted the good priest in a genuine tone of regret. Still, the two travelers looked at him with so piteous an air, that, notwithstanding his charity, the good priest had to laugh.

"Well," said Luigi, "we are in a nice fix! I'd rather be murdered than walk nine miles more!"

"And what a condition we are in!" said the marquis, casting a sorrowful glance upon his muddy boots, his pantaloons that looked like corkscrews, and the sleeves of his coat which yet dripped with rain and dyed his cuffs.

"The fact is that we are not in court dress," said the other earnestly—"and," after a moment of silence, during which the priest, leaning upon the apron of his gig, kindly gazed upon them—"the best thing we can do is to go back to Tours!"

"Why, you know very well that we have sent our trunks to the *chateau de Nangis*!"

"Come," said the priest, who thought it cruel to prolong their anguish, "we can arrange all that, gentlemen."

The two companions looked at him. Then quoting Racine, with a slight alteration, he, smiling, said:

*"Celui qui met un frein a la fureur des flots
Et qui sait des mechants arreter les complots,
Aux petits des oiseaux, donne aussi la pature,
Car sa bonte s'etend a toute la nature!"*

And he added, as he let down the apron of his buggy: "If you will do me the honor of accepting my humble hospitality, in a quarter of an hour we shall be at the parsonage. There, you will dry yourselves, you will rest, I shall send to the *chateau de Nangis* for your baggage, and to-morrow"—

"Upon my word, Father," said the marquis, communicatively, "you are really doing a good deed, and, at the risk of being indiscreet, I accept with pleasure."

"As for me, I have but one fear!" said Luigi very seriously.

"What is that?" asked the priest.

"It is that your horse will not be able to draw all three of us, if I get in."

When they arrived at the parsonage, the priest's servant was standing in the door. The good-natured girl came out to hold the horse, and, without noticing the strangers, whom she seemed not to see, she said, with an expression of real anxiety: "Well, Father, did you get the five thousand francs?"

"No!" answered the priest laconically, calling her attention to his guests by a glance.

But she paid no attention to it, and said: "Alas, alas, what shall we do? The builder came again to-day."

"All right," interrupted the priest, "all right, Jane, see that the buggy is taken in, and send me the sexton with his carryall; he must go immediately to the *chateau de Nangis*, and then," added he, pointing to the strangers who had just alighted, "you will cook us a good dinner, for, since these gentlemen have done me the honor of accepting my hospitality until to-morrow, they must not regret it. I leave that to you, Jane."

Jane, notwithstanding her forty-eight years, blushed scarlet as she looked at the strangers, to whom she courtesied, as they followed the aged priest into the parsonage.

I should like to describe this parsonage, in which everything breathed peace, and had, so to speak, a perfume of virtue, and whose not very luxurious, but sufficient and comfortable furniture was scrupulously clean; but my space forbids it.

The curate of Ville-Jossy had just shown his guests to their room, where Jane had already lighted a large fire of vine-boughs, when he was told that the sexton was at the door with his carryall, awaiting his orders. The marquis wrote a word to the Baroness de Nangis at whose *chateau* he and his friend Luigi were going to spend a few weeks, and gave it to the priest, who left them to give his instructions to his messenger.

When they were alone: "That priest is a capital fellow!" said the marquis taking off his coat, while Luigi blew like a porpoise as he pulled and tugged at his boots, which would not come off.

"Yes" answered he, after having heaved a sigh of relief just as the boot concluded to obey.

"I think he is troubled about something," said the marquis, holding his coat out towards the large clear flame which filled the fire-place.

"On account of the five thousand francs — the — old girl was talking about," said Luigi, between two tugs at the second boot, which was still more stubborn than the first.

"What if we should give him those five thousand francs?"

Luigi stopped short, although his boot was only half off, and with his eyes, as round as lotto balls, he said to his friend: "Have you five thousand francs? What! We come out here into the seclusion of Touraine to see the baroness, of course, but also for the sake of economy; and you want to give five thousand francs to that priest whom you have known scarcely half an hour!"

"Luigi, you are ungrateful! If he had asked you for five thousand francs before he picked you up on the road, you would have promised them to him to be carried no matter where."

"I should not have promised them, because I haven't them," answered Luigi, pouncing with renewed vigor upon his boot, "but the fact is that if I had had them — that if I had them — I wouldn't give a continental!" — Fluff! the boot was off.

"Well, I have an idea of my own!"

"Ah! if you have an idea of your own, it's a different thing," said Luigi laughing and spreading his large person before the fire.

"But I should like to know what for! The servant spoke of a builder — this old priest has surely not had a *chateau* built — it must be for his church."

"Why, ask the old girl!" said Luigi.

"What! question a domestic! What are you thinking of?"

"Confound it! I am not of noble birth, and I merely give you the simplest means" —

"Certainly," said the marquis hastily, for he would not hurt his friend's feelings, "certainly — but I think we might find out from the priest himself."

"Bah! what's the good of finding out? We know that he needs the money, and if I had the five thousand francs that would be enough for me; but as I haven't, nor you either, it seems to me, marquis, that all your investigations or shrewd endeavors to find out a thing which does not concern you, would be simply indiscreet — still, we are better off here than on the road," added he, in order to give a different turn to the conversation.

But the marquis adhered to it, and again said: "I have an idea of my own; we shall see."

During the dinner, which was excellent, although lean (for these events occurred on a Saturday), the priest, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, was preoccupied, and Jane was sad, in spite of her bustling about the guests upon whom she waited.

When the servant brought the cheese and the fruit, the marquis, who had at last imparted to his friend what he called his idea, rested both his elbows on the table, and suddenly said to the priest: "You need five thousand francs, Father?"

"Why, yes — indeed!" — stammered the priest, who grew very red and seemed quite taken aback by the bluntness of his guest.

"But do you need them very much?" continued the marquis. "Does he need them very much! Holy Mother!" cried Jane, whose familiarity was such that her devotedness alone could excuse it. "Why, for the last two weeks the poor dear man has lost his sleep over it. When I bring him his coffee, he lets it get cold and remains there by the half hour looking at his cup. Does he need them! — Ah!" and Jane raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"Come, Jane, you are an indiscreet woman; keep still!" said the priest in a tone which he tried to make severe.

"Well, my dear Father, we will give them to you to-morrow."

"But," — said the priest, more and more bewildered; very happy of the offer which removed from him his load of trouble, although but doubting whether his self-respect would permit him to accept it.

"But," repeated the marquis, "to-morrow, just after mass, — for you will have high mass to-morrow, will you not? — well, to-morrow, just after mass, I shall hand you the five thousand francs."

"Why, you do not belong to the parish, marquis, and there is no reason why you should make this enormous gift. It is for the church; it is but right that the wealthy should give for the poor, to build a house of prayer, to raise a monument to the glory of Him who causes their harvests to grow; but you are a stranger here" —

The marquis answered the remarks of the priest only by the question: "Are there many *chateaux* in the neighborhood?"

"Why, yes, and to-morrow you will see at high mass an attendance which will remind you of St. Roch or the Madeleine of Paris; for during the whole summer, the fine ladies of those churches are rusticated, and few sections of country have as much aristocracy as our neighborhood — then there are the invited guests, the friends who, like you, come to spend a few days."

"Very good!" interrupted his guest, who appeared to be decidedly following out his idea and not paying much attention to objections; "then permit me to ask two or three more questions: Have you an organ in your church?"

"A magnificent one," said the priest, with a sigh. That is the very thing that ruined us! We have an organ which cost us fifteen thousand francs."

"Then you have an organist?"

"Of course!"

"Now, if you have an organ and an organist, you must have the music of a few fine masses by the masters."

"Oh yes, I have there," said he, showing a chest full of books, papers, and musical scores, "Haydn's Imperial Mass, Weber's Mass in G, Mozart's Mass No. 12, some Masses of Palestrina, and others."

"That's capital! One more question: Can you procure twenty-five or thirty velvet cushioned chairs, or at least well upholstered chairs? — for," said he, smiling at Luigi, "those ladies must get their money's worth."

"To be sure," said Jane, who did not see the object of all these questions, but who was always full of zeal, "by asking of the doctor, the notary, the justice of the peace, and the tax-collector, we could get at least fifty!"

"Well, you will attend to that this very evening, Miss Jane," said the marquis; and turning to the priest: "Here is my project," continued he, "and if you approve of it, you shall have your five thousand francs to-morrow, I assure you."

"Let us see how!" said the old priest with a very benevolent, but somewhat incredulous smile.

"My friend," replied the marquis, "was once a *Maestro di Cappella* for the king of Naples; that means that he has a magnificent voice and is an excellent musician."

"Ah! the gentleman is a chanter!" exclaimed Jane.

The two friends burst out laughing, and the priest cast a look of reproach at the servant, who did not at all understand the anger of her master, for the honest girl still had the notions of the middle ages, and nothing seemed to her more honorable than to sing the praises of the Lord in His holy temple.

"My friends pretend," continued the marquis, "that I myself have a pretty good tenor voice. I propose then, Father, that we shall sing for you a musical mass of one of the masters, and set the price of the reserved seats at two hundred francs each."

"Two hundred francs!" exclaimed in unison the old man and the servant.

"Yes," said the guest quietly, "we might ask three hundred, but since five thousand francs are enough" —

"But do you think," faltered the priest, "that however rich they may be, our neighbors of the *chateaux*" —

"I promised you the five thousand francs," said the young man mirthfully, and turning to Jane: "Get me some pens, ink, paper and envelopes!" The old maid rushed out, pressing against her heart the plate which she held in her hand, and returned five minutes later with the objects asked for.

Then the marquis, sharing his paper with Luigi, they wrote half a score of very short letters, dictated by the marquis, and running as follows: "Madame — The Marquis de Candia and his friend Luigi will to-morrow sing a high mass in the parish church of Ville-Jossy. The price of reserved seats is two hundred francs. Please accept the assurance of —, etc."

The priest and Jane gave the addresses of the wealthiest and noblest families of the neighborhood, and an hour later ten messengers were on their way with their missives; for, in the villages of Touraine the priest's servant is a power, and Jane, who never abused her credit, knew however how to use it when necessary, and she could have found twenty gratuitous messengers instead of ten, if it had been necessary.

Then our two friends began to take stock of the old chest in which they found the pastoral letters of the bishop, the sermons, the books, and the musical scores of the pastor. They selected Haydn's Imperial Mass and returned to their room to look it over, leaving the priest hovering between hope and doubt, and the servant in an indescribable condition of nervous excitement.

The next morning, the sky had cleared, the day promised to be splendid; thirty handsome chairs, borrowed from the first families of Ville-Jossy, were set in two rows between the choir and the ordinary seats left for the use of the public; a small table, covered with a little cloth, carried a large platter, destined to receive the contributions imposed upon the privileged ones; the altar was illuminated as on a Whitsunday, and the choir was filled with flowers.

At last the bells chimed gaily, and the turn-outs began to arrive. The news had spread, I know not how, as far as Tours, and briskas followed landaus, wraaths succeeded phaetons, and berlins post-chaises. Never had Ville-Jossy seen so many carriages, so much satin, velvet, silk and lace. The thirty upholstered chairs were occupied a quarter of an hour before the priest appeared at the altar, and each minute other ladies, guided by their escorts through the flock of the faithful who filled the aisle, sought a seat upon a common chair, although they had previously deposited their two hundred francs. The good priest, watching all this stir through the partially open door of the vestry, could not understand it at all, and Jane, while piously telling her beads, frequently cast a furtive but well-pleased glance at the large platter upon which the gold was piled, and between two *Ave Marias* mentally reckoned how much all that would amount to. She was much inclined to believe that there must be there not far from a million. She was mistaken, however, for the sum promised by the marquis was only doubled.

When the priest of Ville-Jossy, clad in his finest vestments, came forth from the vestry and advanced to the altar, a sort of sigh of pleasure, followed by a hasty rustle of silks, ran through the congregation; then a complete silence took place.

After the first prayers of the priest at the foot of the steps, the organ softly preluded; then all at once, a voice, pure as that of a seraph, a voice of wonderful compass, and soft, sympathetic and plaint as one would not think it possible for a human voice to be, struck up the beautiful *Kyrie* of Haydn's Mass, then in the *Gloria*, a bass, without a rival down to the present time, mingled its tones with those of the tenor and held the audience spell-bound, long after the tones of the organ had died away in an harmonious sigh. The Preface was chanted by the officiating priest, who was not the least moved of the assembly, for his thoughts seemed to wander, he felt as if he were under the impression of prodigious events. He was in a state which partook of ecstasy and stupor; he had never thought that human voices could pour forth such floods of har-

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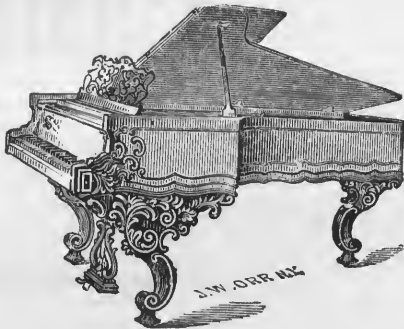
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mony, or drop such a shower of pearls. Then, at the solemn moment of the elevation of the host, there rang out a *Salutaris* of inexpressible sweetness—for the song was heavenly, and it would take an angel's pen to retrace its inflections, its shadings, and the emotions which it awakened in all hearts. The *Agnus Dei*, that cry of anguish of the Christian soul, was at first poignant as a remorse, heart-rending as a dying complaint, then it became an evocation, warm, burning and tender as a prayer going up from the bottom of the abyss, and carried to the foot of the ever-bright throne of the Holy of Holies of the Most High, upon waves of incense and harmony.

At the close of the service, the organ-loft was invaded by the elegant people whom the marquis had invited to share in his good work, and who considered it an honor to shake hands with him and with Luigi. At the head of all the ladies, came the Baroness de Nangis, claiming her guests. Many were the ladies who envied her when the two artists, yielding to her entreaties, said that they would return with her, and asked a delay of five minutes only prior to their departure, to pay their respects to the good priest.

When they entered the vestry, the priest was removing his priestly robes, which Jane was carefully folding and putting away.

"Well, Father," joyfully cried the marquis, as he entered, "the idea was not a bad one, was it?"

"And the receipts are first rate, Miss Jane!" said Luigi, who seemed to take a special interest in the old maid.

"Yes, my benefactors," said the priest, going to them with open hands, "the idea was good and generous, and the receipts exceed your promise, for there is there," said he pointing to the money, "over ten thousand francs; but that money is yours."

"Ah, Father, we will get angry," said the marquis, almost offended. "This money is neither yours nor ours; it belongs to your church and to the poor of your parish, and you have not the right of refusing it."

"Well, let it be so," said the pastor, very much moved; "I accept it for them, but tell me who you are, in order that I may at least know for whom to pray, and what name the poor should bless."

The two artists looked at each other; hesitated for a second; then the marquis, answering Luigi's inquiring look, said: "Why not?"

"Indeed, why not?" repeated Luigi. Then turning toward the priest, he said: "My friend is Giuseppe Mario, Marquis de Candia, and I am Luigi Lablache, both of the opera, as you perhaps know, Father."

"Yes, indeed," answered he. "Lablache and Mario are two great names which everybody knows, and I, better than any one else, will know that, though great in fame, you are still greater in heart. May God protect and bless you;" and the hand of the good priest outlined a sign, before which the two great artists bowed their heads.

"COMPLIMENTS D'ALLEMANDS."

The members of the orchestra belonging to the opera are in Germany nearly always engaged for life, receiving a pension when too old or infirm for longer service. In the case of the wind instruments, on the giving out of *embouchure*, etc., such members generally receive subordinate positions among the strings, and it therefore follows that the second violin and viola parts are filled mostly by men who are unable any longer to play their former instrument. As a matter of course, the change is not only hard for them, but also injurious to the general tone of the orchestra. An opera by Wagner being in rehearsal as above, Wagner himself arrived to conduct the same. The overture contained many difficult and rapid solo passages for the viola. The exponent of this instrument, an old and honored flutist, tried in vain to overcome them. Again and again were the parts repeated. At last, Wagner, losing all patience, and at no time the most amiable of men, cried aloud to the viola:

"Take the part home and study it; a little child would be ashamed of such blunders."

And this before the whole orchestra! At the conclusion, the old musician, an artist on his chosen instrument, came to Wagner, and burning with indignation, spoke:

"Mr. Wagner, as a musician and composer, I have for you a very profound respect, but as a man and a gentleman, my feelings toward you indicate the greatest contempt."

Wagner replied, smiling blandly:

"And I, my dear friend, must speak just the reverse; as a man and a gentleman you have my greatest respect, but as a musician, I cannot disguise my contempt for you."—*Art Critic.*

Golden Gate Criticism on Carlotta Patti.

The San Francisco *Post*, not having before its eyes the fear of the law, nor the sad fate of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Kansas City Times*, relieves itself of the following burst of critical genius in connection with Madame Patti:

"Of Carlotta Patti herself we regret we can say very little in praise. Her first number, a symphony in B-gorrah, by dear old Beethoven, was given with much apparent nervousness. In fact, this well known soprano (we think she is a soprano) seemed to realize that she stood in the presence of one of those cultured and critical San Francisco audiences we read about, many of whom have walked in from Hayes Valley and Laguna street a purpose. The result was that her knees knocked together with such force as to throw the accompaniment out several times. Her voice had several paramount faults, and we will endeavor to render our meaning clear to our unprofessional readers by using as few musical phrases as possible. In the first place, her technique is bad, besides being too small. When a brand-new technique can now be had for three dollars there is no excuse for this. Of course, we all know—all we critics—that there are no tears in Mrs. de Munk's voice. There is a marked deficiency in breadth and depth and thickness in the upper register, which does not admit the air freely in consequence, and a far-off nearness; a sort of inanimate after-taste, so to speak, in the diminuendo of her flats, particularly French flat. Her singular mannerism of holding her chin lop-sided during her G ups is in bad form, and the first thing she knows one of her sharps will come out edgeways and cut her throat. Then she opens her mouth too much and too often when she sings, which makes her chest notes monthly and her mouth notes cheesty. It would be much better, to say nothing of more artistic, if she were to open only one side of her mouth at a time. This would save wear and tear of her teeth, and at the same time give the other corner time to rest and brace up. She exerts herself too much in her trills, and it would save both breath and expense if she had them hereafter done behind the scenes by a boy with a dog whistle or something.

Mr. Gilmore's Angel.

We are glad to learn that the particular angel who inspired Mr. Gilmore has at last been discovered. Many years ago there lived in Paris a musician named Antony Lamotte, who in his day was known as the composer of numerous waltzes, quadrilles and other pieces of light character. His opus 628 was a *Grand Quadrille Historique et Caracteristique, Guillaume Le Conquerant*, which concluded with a *Marche du Sacre*. The first eight bars of "Columbia" are an exact transcript from this *Marche du Sacre* of M. Antony Lamotte, published long ago in Paris. As Mr. Gilmore assures us that his anthem came from above, Lamotte's descendants will be glad to learn in this indirect manner that their ancestor has reached the golden shore in safety. If they, however, doubt that Mr. Gilmore went higher than the book shelves for his inspiration, both they and many who probably will agree with them will be obliged to rank "Columbia" among the plagiaristic coincidences of the day. It now remains only to trace the words to the proper source. For, with a keen appreciation of their real quality, Mr. Gilmore disowns them.—*Musical Review.*

A CHINESE student at Andover wrote in a lady's album the following version of a well-known poem:

"How doth the little sting-bug
Improve every sixty minutes
All the day.
Go pickee up sting-bug juice
From flowers just got busted."

A VISIT TO LISZT.

Last week Abbe Liszt sent me word that he was coming in from the Villa d'Este to Rome on Friday to attend the concert of the Roman Musical Society, directed by Mustafa, and that he would be at my reception on Saturday evening. So I arranged with Maestri Iyambati and Rotoli that a quartette of Liszt's for four voices, "*O Salutaris, Nostra*," should be sung on the occasion of the distinguished visit. Strange to say, Liszt had forgotten this composition of his; thus it was quite new to him. The quartette was encoired, and was sung with much taste and feeling by *Signorine Maldura* and *Barli, soprano*; *Signora Sparulatti* and *Signorina Carlande, contralto*; *Maestro Rotoli, tenore*; *Signor Carlandi, basso*, and *Iyambati*, the dear friend and favorite pupil of Liszt, accompanied it on the harmonium.

Liszt was in one of his most charming humors. Like all great persons and great geniuses this remarkable man has his humor and humors. He is one of the most independent of men, and never acknowledges any control but that of friendship and respect. Admiration is not enough. "I have seen him at imperial receptions," says a friend of mine, "where he walked through the salons with the fine, grand air of a perfect gentleman, gracious to all, treated with reverential respect by all, but never deigning to touch the piano, and royalty even, not daring to ask him." Liszt has always been remarkable for this social independence. When he was a young man, in the very brilliant period of his early popularity, some thirty or forty years ago, he visited Vienna. The celebrated Princess Metternich, wife of the great diplomatist Metternich, was the chief of society; her salon was the great one of the day. She was a brilliant, captivating woman; clever, full of fine society wisdom; one of the last of the race of *grandes dames*. The bluest of blood ran in her veins, and she was as haughty as Lucifer at times. At one of her receptions her husband, who had invited Liszt, took the celebrated young artist about whose musical and private life all the gay people of Europe were talking, up to the princess and introduced him. She was in one of her most haughty moods, as it happened.

"Your first visit to Vienna," she said, looking full front in the handsome, stately young man's face. "I hope you are doing well in your business."

"Ah, Madame la Princesse," replied Liszt, "I have no business. That vexation belongs to diplomatists and bankers."

For one instant the whole social high world of Vienna looked on breathless at this passage of arms between the queen of society and the celebrated artist whose social successes equaled his public ones. The princess and Liszt gazed steadily at each other; neither flinched; then she yielded gracefully, and taking his arm, walked through the salons with him, and was as charming to him as if he had been a prince of the imperial blood; from that time forward Liszt had no better and truer friend than the Princess Metternich. This anecdote shows Liszt's character. No man can be kinder, however, than he is to his friends. He denies them nothing. He is simple, tender, sympathetic, full of feeling, and most easy of approach—even anticipates demands on his kindness. This is one side, and a most charming one, of his character. But there is another side, not so genial, which belongs to the world at large. To general society he is an elegant, polished man of the world; cold, haughty, unapproachable, entirely independent of everything and everybody. He does not need luxury nor the society of anyone. In his youth he was remarkable for his exquisite dress and mode of life, now his life is austere in its simplicity. He wears the plain dress of an abbe, without the mantle and knee-breeches. Wherever he lives his rooms are small, his service simple, no elegant surroundings about him. In the coldest weather he has no fire, except a brazier of coals. He loves solitude, and spends weeks and weeks at the beautiful lonely Villa d'Este, with no other companions than his piano and his studies. Liszt is a highly educated man, familiar, not only with classic but modern authors, a well-read man, and his conversation is full of grace and spirit. He is not only the most remarkable pianist of this or any day, and has composed music that in the future will rank with the great poems and subjects he has illustrated, but he is a true *virtuoso*, according to the Italian meaning of the word—"a man who loves the noble arts and is a critic in them."

It is no unusual thing to hear persons complain that Abbe Liszt so seldom gives society a chance to hear him. It is not very pleasant for a person of dignity and spirit to go out into the social world, where intelligent persons only go for relaxation, and feel and know that every one expects to trot him out for their amusement on some specialty. Liszt very naturally has often resented and disappointed the indiscreet expectations of the social world. It is the same as if a celebrated lawyer or public speaker should be called upon to hold forth in a drawing-room as at the bar or on the rostrum. Only the vain and conceited can comply with these demands with patience. And that compound body called "society," is so ill-bred! A distinguished sculptor told me that he was invited once to a grand dinner given by some English persons whose social rank should have given an assurance of their good breeding. After dinner the guests crowded about him, and the host and hostess said brazenly:

"Dear Mr. X—, we are so anxious to see you model; we have never seen any modeling done. In the library is some clay, a stand, and modeling tools; we bought them to-day especially for you. Now be so good as to go there with us and show us exactly how you model!"

The good-natured, surprised artist complied with the impatient request, and made them a clever little sketch. He should have answered them as Chopin did his entertainer after a din-

ner when he was asked to play: "Ah, madame, pray excuse me; I ate so little."

When Abbe Liszt feels that he is among friends, where he is cared for, not only as the great artist, but for himself, where he is the most welcome guest, he is indeed gracious, and his music is often as spontaneous as his delightful conversation. On Saturday evening I introduced him to a charming young Irish girl, who is studying for the operatic stage. After talking with her in the tea-room he took her hand and said, "Come, you must sing for us." The poor girl nearly fainted with fright. "Oh! I cannot! I cannot!" she gasped out. "I am afraid!" Liszt insisted. The pretty rose color that flashed over her beaming cheeks, the little wave of emotion that glittered in her beaming eyes, made her look inexpressibly bewitching. "Oh! Maestro," she cried, clasping her hands with a gesture and expression that would make her fortune on the lyric stage. "How can you ask me! It is impossible!" Liszt laughed and left her. He walked slowly with me into the library. We went its full length to the end of the room where stood two pianos, a cabinet and grand. To the delight of the crowded room the great pianist sat down to the Erard—a soft hush went through the company; everyone was breathless. Liszt looked up at me smiling, and said in French, "You see, I also am afraid." He played one of Chopin's Nocturnes. I am always impressed most profoundly when I hear Liszt play anything of Chopin's; the Nocturnes, which now, after thirty years have rolled over the grave of the Polish pianist, are regarded as the best compositions of that tender musical lyrist. A quarter of a century of my own life sweeps back like a curtain, I seem to be reading them and Liszt's Chopin for the first time together, with that rarely gifted woman, that veritable musical Sappho, so well known to Philadelphians, Mary Howell, the most marvelous pianist I ever heard in her own genre; and if spirits are allowed to visit this earth, at those grand moments of Liszt's music hers seems close beside me!—Mrs. Brewster, in Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

A CURIOUS MUSICAL LIBEL SUIT.

Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, the composer and conductor, having been severely criticised in the *London World*, a suit was brought by Mr. Ganz against the *World*. Mr. Yates, editor, wishing the opinions of various artists, addressed the following letter to Dr. Von Buelow:

DEAR SIR:—No. 1. Will you have the kindness to give us your unbiased opinion on the inclosed portion of an article for the publication of which Mr. Ganz threatens an action for libel against the *World*?

No. 2. Will you please say whether it was through the incapacity of Mr. Ganz that you declined to play at the last Philharmonic concert?

Faithfully yours,

To Dr. Hans von Buelow.

EDMUND YATES.

To which Dr. Von Buelow characteristically replied:

DEAR SIR:—Not having had the displeasure of witnessing the execution of Berlioz's Symphony, alluded to in the *World*, I cannot testify to what happened on that occasion; but from my personal experience of Mr. Ganz as a time-beater, I have no hesitation in admitting that the criticism stated but the exact truth. As to your question whether I abstained from playing at the last New Philharmonic on account of the incapacity of Mr. Ganz, I can only state that his incapacity of reading a score is such that he could not even correct the parts of the single instruments, although he had only to look at the score before him with the marks ("*Eselsbruecken*" we call them in German) which in a private lesson of two hours and a half in my room I had added in order to put him at least at "the foot of the tree." I owed it to my friend Tschaiakowsky, the composer of the concerto, not to act as an accomplice in the murder of his work under a leader who seems incapable of reading an orchestral accompaniment of any importance—nay, of being himself conducted by an intelligent and quick-conceiving band, let alone to conduct it. Therefore I was forced to retire, allowing, however, from a feeling of *charite mal ordonnee*, my non-appearance to be attributed to a sudden indisposition. People seeming inclined to construe this feeling as a want of respect to the public on my part, I avail myself of the opportunity to state the plain truth.

I remain yours faithfully,

HANS V. BUELOW.

Mr. Ganz has since withdrawn his suit.

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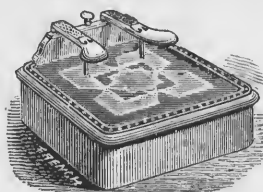
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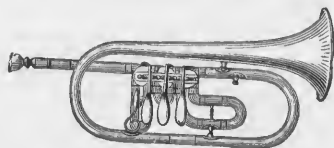


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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS

VIERLING'S "Raub der Sabinerinnen" was given at Mercantile Library Hall, on February 12th, by the Liederkrantz, under the able direction of Prof. Egmont Frölich. Before speaking of the work itself, and of its rendering, we cannot do otherwise than speak a word of deserved praise in favor of Miss Thekla Bernays' translation into English of the German libretto. The task of translating verse from one language into verse of the same meter in another, is one whose difficulty no one can fully appreciate who has not tried it. Therefore it is, that, as a rule, a translated libretto is little more than a paraphrase of the original. Here, however, we have a real translation, and the very few faults which we find in its diction, are due to a desire to adhere closely to the form and spirit of the German original.

The plot of the composition is simple in the extreme. It is the well known story of the Rape of the Sabinæ. Romulus and his wife's followers have given a feast to which they have invited their late enemies, the Sabinæ, who, of course, bring their wives and daughters. The scene opens in the midst of this feast, which gives an opportunity for solos and choruses in honor of returning peace. Then follow games—a chariot race won by Annus; a dance on the green, during which the Romans are more than ever entranced by the beauty of the Sabine women; then follows a wrestling match, during which "The she-wolf's wild offspring" seize upon and carry off the defenseless women. All these incidents are improved by the author, to introduce a succession of solos, duets, choruses and double choruses. In the second part, the Sabinæ come to the rescue of their kidnapped women; a battle is waged, which the women view from afar and describe in solos and choruses. At last, they rush between the contending armies, and beg them to desist and not make of them orphans and widows. The men, who are tired anyhow, and probably have obtained new and better looking wives in the meantime, conclude the women are right; the strife ceases and a lasting peace is made in a recitative and final chorus.

The declamatory style prevails throughout the composition to the detriment of a clearly defined musical form, although occasional relief is afforded in this respect. The melody is often strained, and the harmony far fetched. It is more the work of an empiric (in the better sense of the word) than that of a musical genius, but therefore by no means without merit and promise.

The performance was far from perfect, and yet it was highly creditable to all concerned, and most of all to Prof. Frölich. The orchestra had evidently not rehearsed with sufficient care, and its work was at times, notably in the seventh number, unsatisfactory. The fifth number, a double chorus, the sixth number, a female chorus not unlike the peasants' chorus in the first act of "Faust" were among the best. The latter was encored and deserved it. The eighth number, which reminded us very much of the witches' chorus, "*Kommt mit Zinken und Gabeln*" in Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht," as well as the next were acceptably rendered, and the twelfth number, the last of the first part, a male chorus, was indeed very good. The fourteenth, sixteenth and nineteenth numbers were also very well done. Of the solo singers, Mr. Schraubstadter, *Romulus*, deserves special mention for real excellence.

We could have wished that the society had chosen a better piece—without saying anything against this—but as it has spent so much time in the preparation of this, we think it owes it to itself, and the lovers of good music in our city, to repeat this work at an early day, when the experience of the past will doubtless enable them to improve upon their first performance.

THE BIG FOUR MINSTRELS which appeared at Pope's Theatre during the last week of February, have given an entertainment which has been pronounced by their audiences much superior to what is usually given by minstrel troupes. They do not rely so much on large numbers of performers, as they do upon the excellence of those they have. They give an unusual prominence to the musical part of the entertainment, and in that show good taste and judgment. Their music is certainly excellent, not from a classic stand-point to be sure—but who wants to hear nothing but classical compositions? The ballads of Stanley and Jackson, in the first part of the programme, we never have heard better sung on any stage. Among other features we may mention Heywood's Female Impersonations. His voice is not a *falsetto* as one would expect, but a genuine and quite agreeable soprano. He is decidedly a success. The Kine Brothers in their banjo specialties are unsurpassed. The brass quartette composed of Frank Bowles, E. flat cornet, Wm. Rickel, B. flat cornet, Jas. Greene, Alto, and C. H. Tilton, trombone, play their selections in a really artistic manner. The "Big Four," Messrs. Smith, Allen, Morton and Martin, close the performance with a side-splitting act, which always brings fresh laughter from the audience, who had supposed they had already laughed so much that they could laugh no more.

GRAU'S FRENCH OPERA COMPANY held the boards for one week at the Grand Opera House, and did a fair business. During their stay here Paola Marie suffered from a severe cold, which doubtless affected her vocalization. At any rate, she did not shine as a singer, but the exquisite naturalness of her acting made full atonement for her shortcomings musically. Angele disappointed us; she did not at all come up to the expectation which the accounts of Eastern papers had aroused in us. She is an indifferent actress, gauged by the French standard of acting, and a still more indifferent singer. Mlle. Leroux-Bon-

vard as *Philene* in "Mignon," won the place of a first-class artiste. She is certainly the best vocalist in the troupe and by all odds the best *Filina* we have ever seen. Capoul sings less well but acts much better than he formerly did. Duplan, Jonard, Mezieres and Juteau are all first-class actors and good, though not great, singers. We should have mentioned among the ladies Mlle. Raphael who, when opportunity offered, proved herself a most capable artist. Her rendering of the Singing Lesson in "Le Petit Duc" could not be improved upon. The chorus was the best drilled we have seen in St. Louis this season, and the only one which one could endure to look at. The company is a strong one, but it has one weak point: the orchestra.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY opened the past month, musically, with one week of Grand Opera at the Olympic. Financially, this season was a failure, and Mapleson is said to have taken a solemn oath never to revisit this city. Strakosch had been here but a short time before, and for that reason, perhaps, Mapleson fared less well than he would otherwise have done. Then he selected nothing but well-worn operas, and his prices were double those of Strakosch. Artistically the season was successful, and Mr. Mapleson doubtless won golden opinions from those who attended the performances of his company for his enterprise in engaging such a troupe and his skill in organizing them into so efficacious an *ensemble*. We do not think it useful to enter into detailed criticism of the operas played here.

BLIND TOM, the phenomenal pianist, is to appear at Mercantile Library Hall on the 6th instant. Among other pieces he will play Kunkel's "Vive la Republique," "Germans' Triumphant March," and Julia Rive-King's "Gems of Scotland," and "Bubbling Spring." This will probably be the last opportunity of hearing him which our citizens will have previous to his departure for Europe.

ON Thursday, February 5th, the private pupils of Mrs. K. J. Brainard gave a concert at the hall of the Mary Institute, and rendered a fine programme in excellent style, reflecting deserved credit upon themselves as well as upon their excellent teacher.

HAVERLY'S CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR COMPANY did Pinafore at the Olympic the last week in February. They do not play nor sing as well as they formerly did.

Personal Mention.

THOS. WARHURST, the genial and gentlemanly manager of Blind Tom, and Celeste, called upon us the other day. He has made arrangements to take his blind *protege* to Europe the coming year.

S. G. PRATT and his bride were in our city on their bridal tour not long since. They did not seem particularly miserable. The REVIEW wishes them much happiness and a numerous prosperity.

FRANZ RUMMEL is not as skillful with his legs as he is with his fingers. He recently tripped and fell while hastening to catch a train at Providence, R. I. If sympathy and good wishes could cure him the REVIEW would have him "on his pins" inside of a week.

PHIL. BRANSON, the rising St. Louis tenor, now of the Thursby Concert Troupe, has won golden opinions wherever he has sung. Robyn's "I Love But Thee" has proved one of his most popular songs.

SEBASTIAN SIMONSEN, the pianist of the Olaf Bull Concert Troupe, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making some time ago, is winning golden opinions from the critics of the press wherever he appears. He says "Vive La Republique" by Kunkel, and "Gems of Scotland" by Julia Rive-King are among the most popular of the pieces in his repertoire.

MR. H. GORDON TEMPLE, the first editor of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, is now editing a weekly newspaper at Boulder, Colorado. We would like to give him a free puff, but do not know the name of his paper. We understand that the paper is democratic in politics. Be that as it may, we are sure that whatever Mr. Temple's Colorado politics, he defends them with ability. Our best wishes follow Mr. Temple.

GUSTAVE SATTER is in Montreal. The critic of the *Montreal Herald* goes into ecstasies over his playing. He closes a lengthy notice of him in this enthusiastic manner: "Montreal has never yet had a pianist and piano composer of Satter's calibre to listen to, and Liszt having long ago retired from publicity, let us do homage to the man who next to him, and side by side with him, has alone defied all criticism and enchanted those who care for poetry and language of the heart."

W. S. GILBERT, ESQ., of "Pinafore" and "Pirates" fame, writing to us from New York in date of February 20th, says: "We have had to drill and send out three complete companies in three weeks, and it has only been by means of superhuman exertions that we have been able to accomplish the feat. In half an hour I am off for Buffalo to superintend the first performance of our third company in that town." Three companies in as many weeks! Gilbert must be a Yankee in disguise. We fear that, at that rate, he will not long be able to say of himself that:

"In spite of all temptations,
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman."

Among our Exchanges.

The Amphion, of Detroit, is about the liveliest corpse we have seen for a long time. Our last month's paper, in which we announced its demise, was hardly dry from the press, when its February number came, showing no signs of decay whatever. We made the statement upon the authority of one of our exchanges and take pleasure in rectifying it and in wishing to our elder brother long life and continued prosperity.

The Art Critic came a little late this month, and, owing to the mortality which has raged among musical papers, we began to feel solicitous. The February number, however, shows signs of growth rather than disease. *The Critic* is never dull, always fair and outspoken. It deserves a good support, and looks as if it had it.

The Music Trade and Sewing Machine Gazette is a new paper just started in New York. Next, some genius will append a grocery circular and undertaker's price list to a musical journal. Come on! The more the merrier.

From private sources we learn that a new musical journal, with the staff of the defunct *Musical Times and Music Trade Review*, is to be started in New York during the present month.

We have received the second number of the *Musical Bulletin*, published by the Hershey School of Musical Art; we extend it a cordial welcome to our exchange table.

The February number of *Le Canada Musical* is one of the best we have seen. *Pourquoi ne nous est-il pas parvenu pendant plusieurs mois?*

The American Art Journal pursues the even tenor of its way and continues to be one of the best of our exchanges.

Pope's Theatre.

Pope's has a very attractive programme in store for the amusement loving public of our city. On the first of March the New York Criterion Comedy Company will open and hold the boards until the fifteenth, when they will be followed by a two weeks' season of the "Pirates of Penzance," Gilbert and Sullivan's latest and greatest success. The theatre will doubtless be crowded nightly, and persons desiring good seats should secure them as early as possible. Kate Claxton, "the fire-proof," will follow the Pirates, and Kiralfy's "Enchantment," which has had a run of two hundred nights in New York City, will come after her. We are extremely glad to hear that Messrs. Pope and Zimmerman are reaping the benefits of their endeavors to please the St. Louis public. Mr. Zimmerman takes a benefit on March 13th, at which time we hope all his friends will put in an appearance. Remember the date.

"WHY IS THIS THUS?"

The *Dramatic and Musical Mirror* has an article upon the awarding of the \$1,000 prize, which we reproduce below. It involves a serious charge of indelicacy, if not of dishonesty, against Theodore Thomas, which the musical public will take *pro confesso*, unless it be promptly refuted:

"The \$1,000 prize for the best composition of native American composers, for chorus and orchestra, to be performed at the next Cincinnati Musical Festival, has been awarded, according to Associated Press telegrams, to Dudley Buck. There were twenty-four compositions sent in, but it was found, says *Church's Visitor*, that 'but four were of sufficient merit to call for close examination. These were: 1, 'The Golden Legend'; 2, 'The Tale of a Viking'; 3, 'Easter Idyl'; and 4, 'The Lucas Downfall'; the latter said to be the most thoroughly dramatic of all the works entered in competition. The choice, however, narrowed down to the two cantatas first named, by Dudley Buck and Geo. E. Whiting respectively. It is stated that two of the five judges favored the latter, and that Theodore Thomas' vote decided the award in favor of Mr. Buck's composition. The work of Mr. Buck may deserve the prize, but there can be no doubt of the impropriety of Theodore Thomas being one of the judges, and particularly, as in this instance, the umpire. The intimate relationship existing between Mr. Thomas and Mr. Buck is notorious. The conditions of the prize required the name to be kept secret, and only disclosed upon the opening of the envelope containing it on the night of the performance. This rule, of course, to be effective, required the judges to be ignorant of the authors' names; and if revealed,

either by the act of the latter or by the works themselves, a judge actuated by a high sense of honor would have declined to serve or vote in favor of a work upon which he could not act impartially. The fact that the name of the author was announced in the same telegram that conveyed the judges' decision, and the vote by which it was decided, makes the whole proceeding assume a sinister aspect. Those well acquainted with Theodore Thomas know that no sentiment of honor would stand in the way of personal aggrandizement, and the two dissenting judges, Messrs. Leopold Damrosch, of New York, and Apsgar Hanerick, of Baltimore, who bear excellent characters, owe it to the public and their own reputations to make public all the facts surrounding the award. *Church's Visitor* is authority for the statement that one of the examiners declared: "Not one of the pieces is prize worthy." If this be true, it makes it all the more necessary to have a little more light on the means by which the decision was reached."

TWO PROGRAMMES.

February 14th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

DEAR SIR:—I am one of a committee appointed to prepare a concert to be given before a mixed audience. I know that much of the success depends upon the character of the selections, and would like you to send me one or two programmes, such as you would make up. I am willing to pay you a reasonable price for the information, as I am anxious to make the thing a success. Yours, etc.

AS IT is no infrequent thing for us to receive letters like the above, we have concluded to answer this through the REVIEW. We have handed the above letter to our Mr. Chas. Kunkel, whose long experience and well known success in just the kind of concerts spoken of by our correspondent, lead us to believe that his selections could hardly be improved upon, with the request that he would furnish us for publication one or more programmes, to serve as suggestions to our readers. He has kindly done so, and we append two. The first is a little more classical. Both, we believe, combine the elements of true merit and popularity:

PROGRAMME No. 1.

PART I.

1. Piano Solo—Sonata No. 2, op. 31, D minor..... Beethoven
2. Tenor Solo—Der Erlkenig..... Schubert
3. Piano Solo—Love's Devotion..... Goldbeck
4. Violin Solo—Elegie..... Ernst
5. Piano Solo—Polonaise, A flat, op. 53..... Chopin

PART II.

6. Piano Duet—Merry Wives of Windsor (Nicolai), Concert Paraphrase by..... Melnotte
7. Song—Row, Slumber Love..... Rembielinski
8. Piano Solo—
(a) First Smile, Valse..... Paul
(b) Violets Blue..... J. Kunkel
(c) Gem of Columbia, Elegie..... Siebert
9. Soprano Solo—Bliss all Raptures past Excelling, Concert Valse..... Robyn
10. Piano Duet—Pegasus Grand Galop..... Schoffe

PROGRAMME No. II.

PART I.

1. Piano Duet—William Tell Overture (Rossini), Concert Paraphrase by..... Melnotte
2. Tenor Solo—Adelaide..... Beethoven
3. Piano Solo—Moonlight at Green Lake, Reverie..... Goldbeck
4. Violin Solo—Petit Tambour..... David
5. Piano Solo—
(a) Bubbling Spring..... Rive-King
(b) Polonaise Heroique..... Rive-King
6. Piano Duet—Marche des Jeunes Dames..... Goldbeck
7. Ballad—I Love but Thee, yes, Only Thee..... Robyn
8. Violin Solo, Legend..... Wieniawski
9. Piano Duet—Il Trovatore..... Paul

PART II.

BENDA, a German composer, finished, one morning at ten o'clock, an aria for his "Romeo and Juliet." Delighted with the beauty of his melody, he ran, with his piano under his arm (it was in the days of portable pianos), to Gotter, the author of the text, and, awaking him, set the piano on the table, played and sang his piece, and returned home with his piano, without saying another word. A similar anecdote is told of Auber, who, according to Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, would come to her at all hours of the night, and insist on her listening to a theme or movement which he had just completed.

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|--|------------------|----|
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| Love's Ecstasy—for M. Sop.— | " | 75 |
| The Sunset (Il Tramonto)—for Sop.—I. & E. text.. | <i>A. Fusco</i> | 50 |
| The Sunset (Il Tramonto)—M. Sop.— | " | 50 |
| Come where the Zephyrs play—Sop.—I. & E. text.. | <i>Meininger</i> | 60 |
| Come where the Zephyrs play—M. Sop.— | " | 60 |
| Farewell to Naples (L'Addio a Napoli)—Sop.—Ital. & Eng. text..... | <i>Lavignie</i> | 40 |
| Farewell to Naples (L'Addio a Napoli)—M. Sop.—I. & E. text..... | <i>Lavignie</i> | 40 |
| La Farfaletta—Sop.—I. & E. text..... | <i>Meininger</i> | 60 |
| La Farfaletta—M. Sop. | " | 60 |
| Christine of Sweden—Sop.—(Descriptive)—French, Eng. & Ger. text..... | <i>Concone</i> | 75 |
| Song of the Brook—Sop..... | <i>Meininger</i> | 50 |

VOCAL—Operatic.

| | | |
|--|----------------|----|
| The Reporter Song—from Suppé's Fatinitza—Eng. & Ger. text..... | <i>Schuman</i> | 50 |
| Pasha's Reform Song—from Suppé's Fatinitza—Eng. & Ger. text..... | <i>Schuman</i> | 35 |
| Love is the Watchword—from Suppé's Fatinitza—Eng. & Ger. text..... | <i>Schuman</i> | 35 |
| Kismet—Duet—from Suppé's Fatinitza—English & German text..... | <i>Schuman</i> | 35 |

VOCAL—Miscellaneous.

| | | |
|--|----------------------|----|
| Sun of my Soul—Sop.—Aria for Offertory..... | <i>Bailmann</i> | 40 |
| Sailor's Farewell—Duet for Sop. & Bass..... | <i>J. E. Mueller</i> | 50 |
| Save my Child—Descriptive Song & Chorus..... | <i>Harry Banks</i> | 35 |
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| Prayer from Moses in Egypt—Transcription for left hand alone..... | <i>Frey</i> | 60 |
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NATIONAL NOTES

(We do not always endorse the opinions of our correspondents.)

BOSTON.

BOSTON, February 28th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

I am several days late with my letter. Will it reach you in time for insertion in the March number? I cannot tell. I know I have been entirely unable to write sooner.

The Strakosch opera season in our city was not a success. Fraulein Singer, who was advertised as the leading star, was sick during the entire stay of the company, and that had a tendency to dampen the enthusiasm of opera goers; still we doubt whether she would have saved the *impressaio* from financial failure. Even intellectual Boston is soon surfeited with Italian opera, and Mapleson had recently been here and given about as much opera as our people cared for. Besides Mapleson's orchestra and chorus are vastly superior to Strakosch and his stars are better known, if not better.

The Fifth Howard Symphony Concert was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The principal feature and novelty of the programme was Berlioz' *Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*. The plot of the work is as follows: A composer attempts suicide, all for love. Instead of dying from the opium he has taken, he merely sleeps, when the beloved one comes to him in the guise of a melody. At one time this melody is cut short by the headman's axe, the sleeper dreaming that he has killed the woman. Again, there is a coarse burlesque of a funeral service, and monsters and witches dance and sing. It is a wonderful specimen of programme music, and was much praised by some and thoroughly damned by others.

On the 22d instant the irrepressible Gilmore gave his "Columbia Concert" at the Globe Theatre. Gilmore's Band of New York, the Cadet Band of Boston, a grand orchestra, chorus of two hundred voices, and Miss Isabel Stone, Messrs. Howard Reynolds, A. H. Pease, H. L. Cornell and others took part. Mr. Gilmore's new anthem was of course the feature of the concert. Gilmore out-Barnums Barnum. The whole thing is a third-class humbug.

The sixth concert of the Harvard Association which occurred on the afternoon of the 26th at Music Hall was a very enjoyable affair. Mme. Julia Rive-King played the pianoforte Concerto in G. minor of Saint Saens, and some of her own compositions in a very superior manner.

This afternoon at Union Hall, a concert was given by a few of the pupils of Carlyle Petersilea's Academy of Music. The overture to "Stradella" (Melnotte's celebrated arrangement) headed the programme, and was extremely well played by Miss Maxwell and Master Pottgieser. Mme. Rive-King's "Pensees Dantesques" closed the programme, and received adequate interpretation at the hands of Misses Gerald and Emerson. Among other excellent work, I may mention Miss Gilbreth's playing Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 2 with Julia Rive-King cadenza. Petersilea's ability as a teacher is evident in the ability of his pupils.

It is now said that the "Pirates of Penzance" will be produced at the Globe Theatre on the first Monday in April, and scenery and properties are already being got in readiness. Mr. Stetson is said to have paid \$10,000 for it, which will probably eat up all the profits, though giving a prestige to the theatre which will pay in the long run, as he has ten years' lease. He has placed several elegant mirrors, lambrequins, chandeliers, etc., in the lobby of the theatre, and he proposes to decorate the entire walls, dome, and fronts of the boxes in blue and gold during the summer. I am getting sleepy, ain't you?

CHICKERING-WEBER.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, February 27th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

You have doubtless heard that the Thousand Dollar Prize has been awarded to Dudley Buck, and that the announcement has been received with a big interrogation point addressed to Thomas who gave the casting vote, and who, it seems, knew who was the composer of the successful work, although, under the terms of the prize offer, neither the judges nor the public were to know the name of the successful competitor until the night of the performance of the work at the May Festival. The cause of the big interrogation point is that Thomas and Buck are known to be intimate personal friends, rather to any belief that Buck's composition was actually preferred over a more meritorious one. So far, the matter still stands thus:—?

Grau's French Opera Company closed a successful season the past week. Musically, some few good things have been done by the company, but their greatest charm lies in their acting and the charming manner in which they participate in the dialogue. Mlle. Marie is pretty, as plump as a partridge, lively and vivacious, charming in manner and action, and displays great histrionic ability. But her voice, when it leaves the chest tones, sound harsh and grates on the ear. Some of her low notes, however, would be envied by many Italian *contraltis*. She is conscientious, and in the different characters given during the week threw life and fun into all her work, and, after all, fun is what the spectator wants at opera bouffe. Mlle. Paola Marie made many warm friends during her brief stay here, and received numerous beautiful floral tributes.

Mlle. Angele is a magnificent looking woman, graceful in action and has a bright, amiable and intelligent face. Her voice lacks training, but she makes all that is possible out of it. Mlle. Gregoire as *Girofle-Girofla* was pretty and full of life, and sang her role nicely and sweetly. She was also excellent as *Avetline*. Mme. Delorine, as *Aurora* in the matinee performance, made a good impression. Capoul is trying an experiment in opera bouffe. He has to study every thing, the music, the words and the by-play, and it is to his credit that he is making a success of his efforts, though he is a trifle too sober and does not quite catch the humor and fun in the operas. MM. Duplan, Jouard, Mezieres, Juteau, Poyard and Vilano are all excellent comedians and actors, and thoroughly understand what is needed in opera bouffe. Mlle. Raphael is one of the strongest members of the troupe, having a sweet and sympathetic voice, and is a good actress. The chorus has been good and the orchestra barely tolerable.

Gilbert and Sullivan's latest success, "The Pirates of Penzance," is the attraction of Pike's Opera House this week. It is full of light, sparkling and catching music, and its company has been rehearsed by its authors in person. It is cast as follows: *Richard*, G. T. R. Knorr; *Samuel*, G. M. Palmer; *Frederick*, J. C. Armand; *Major-General Stanley*, A. F. McCallin; *Edward*, Wm. Paul Bown; *Mabel*, Miss M. Conroon; *Kate*, Miss Helen Gray; *Edith*, Miss M. A. Taylor; *Isabel*, Miss Stevens; *Ruth*, Miss Laura Joyce.

Mr. Karl Pallat gave a "Trio Soiree" at College Hall, on the 25th, assisted by Miss Heckle, Mr. Thiele and Mr. Brand. It is said to have been an artistic success.

To-day was the birthday of the poet Longfellow, honored by the pupils of our Public Schools by recitations from his poems, and the singing of songs, the words by Longfellow and the music by some of the best composers.

The piano recital of Prof. Geo. Schneider, at College Hall, last night was one of the most successful given by this popular teacher. The programme was almost entirely classical.

Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," one of the most beautiful and attractive compositions of this great composer, will be given at the next symphony concert, March 4th, with a full chorus and prominent soloists from the College of Music.

The manager of the Highland House is seriously thinking of giving us a summer theatrical season at the Belvedere. If the plan is carried out, burlesques and the lighter forms of vaudeville entertainments will be the attractions five nights in the week, with matinees, while Theodore Thomas' Orchestra concerts will be given on the other two evenings. How can the great Thomas consent to play second fiddle to burlesques and vaudevilles?

BROTHER JONATHAN.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 101.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, February 9th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

Your valuable monthly is received here regularly and is eagerly looked for. Seeing nothing in it from our city, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines. We have quite a number of good musicians here. Mr. Henry Carter, now at College of Music, Cincinnati, Mr. S. P. Warren, now in New York, and Mr. Lucy Barnes, organist of Trinity Church, New York, were all formerly residents of our city. Mr. J. Prume, the great violinist, resides here. A few weeks ago, Franz Rummel, of New York, opened Nordheimer's Hall with a pianoforte recital; the audience was invited, no tickets being sold. Mr. Rummel is certainly a fine pianist; but it appears to me that he is not sympathetic or finished; he plays with great breadth and fire, and, above all, musicianly, but he did not arouse any enthusiasm in his audience. Last week we had Mme. Julia Rive-King, from New York. She appeared as the soloist at the Mendelssohn Society's annual concert at Meehanic's Hall, Friday evening, February 6th, playing the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven, Prelude in D flat from opus 28, Ballade in G minor and Nocturne in E flat, opus 9, No. 2, Chopin, and the Andante and Rondo from the violin concerto, opus 64, arranged for the piano by herself. Her playing created a great *furor*, and she was recalled time after time to the stage. Miss Ida Hubbel, from Grace Church, New York, was the soprano. The Society, besides several part songs, gave Mendelssohn's unfinished "Lorley"—they covered themselves with glory. Mr. J. H. Prume, who was to have played a solo, unfortunately had his violin broken on the way to the Hall, and consequently the audience missed a rare treat. The concert, all in all, was one of the most successful ever given in Montreal. The next afternoon, at two o'clock, Mme. Rive-King gave a recital with the following programme: Beethoven, Sonata E flat, op. 22, No. 1; Schumann, (a) "Warum," (b) Grill; Saint Saens, Concerto G minor, No. 2 (orchestra part on second piano by Miss Z. Holmes); Ballade et Polonaise from Vieuxtemps, op. 38 (arranged by Mme. King); (a) "Bubbling Spring," (b) Polonaise Heroique, Rive-King; Polonaise in E, Liszt. The Hall was crowded with the *elite* of our city, and Mme. King's playing was superb. In the evening Mme. King was engaged by one of our most wealthy and prominent citizens, Mr. G. A. Drummond, to give a recital to one hundred and fifty invited guests, the first families in our city. She played Beethoven, Sonata E flat, op. 31, No. 3; Prelude et Fugue, Habermier-Guilman; Joseffy, Tanz Arabesque No. 2; Rive-King, "Gems of Scotland"; Robert Goldbeck, (a) "Moonlight on Green Lake," (b) "Dream of the Lily," (c) "Melodie D'Amour," (d) "Sweet Laughter," (e) Polonaise. Mr. Goldbeck's compositions show great genius and scientific musical education, and in the hands of such an interpreter as Mme. Julia Rive-

King, must soon become favorites with all musical people. Mme. King has made a deep impression here, both professionally and socially. She is truly a great artiste, and as modest and lovely as she is great.

J. G.

MONTPELIER, VT.

MONTPELIER, VT., February 4th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

At the entertainment in the Seminary chapel by the members of the senior class, the music was worthy of special notice. The players were members of the graduating class in the music department, and displayed great artistic skill, as well as having spent time and labor. The first selection, a valse by Chopin, rendered by Miss Julia Clark was beautifully executed. Miss C. is a no less graceful than brilliant player. Miss Alice Stevens followed her with Mendelssohn's "Evening Bell," which she played with her usual elegance. Chopin seemed the favorite composer of the evening, as Mr. E. A. Smith also rendered one of his most beautiful valse to the delight of the audience. The duet "Traume von den Himmel" was perhaps the most popular piece of the evening, by Miss Carrie Gould and Mr. A. A. Hadley, who is not only a brilliant performer on the piano, but also a rising organist. Altogether the music added to the programme a charm which only good music can. Professor Briggs, who has charge of the department, has reason to be gratified with the success of his pupils. OBSERVER.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

CHARLOTTE, February 14th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

A very fine entertainment was given last night by the pupils of the Charlotte Female Institute for the benefit of the young ladies' reading room. The musical part of the programme, which was under the able direction of Prof. Bidez, LL. D., a musician of thorough culture, great natural talent and great energy, reflected great credit upon the school and upon the professor himself. The Misses Gregory, Swink, Johnstone, Walter, Neal and Badham were the principal vocalists. Miss Gregory rendered Robyn's vocal waltz, "Bliss all Raptures past Excelling," in a style which would have done honor to a prima donna, and was loudly encored. Another concert is to be given at the Institute early in March of which I shall write you. Schœuacker's "When Through Life" and Jean Paul's "Last Rose" are being rehearsed for it—more I have not heard at present.

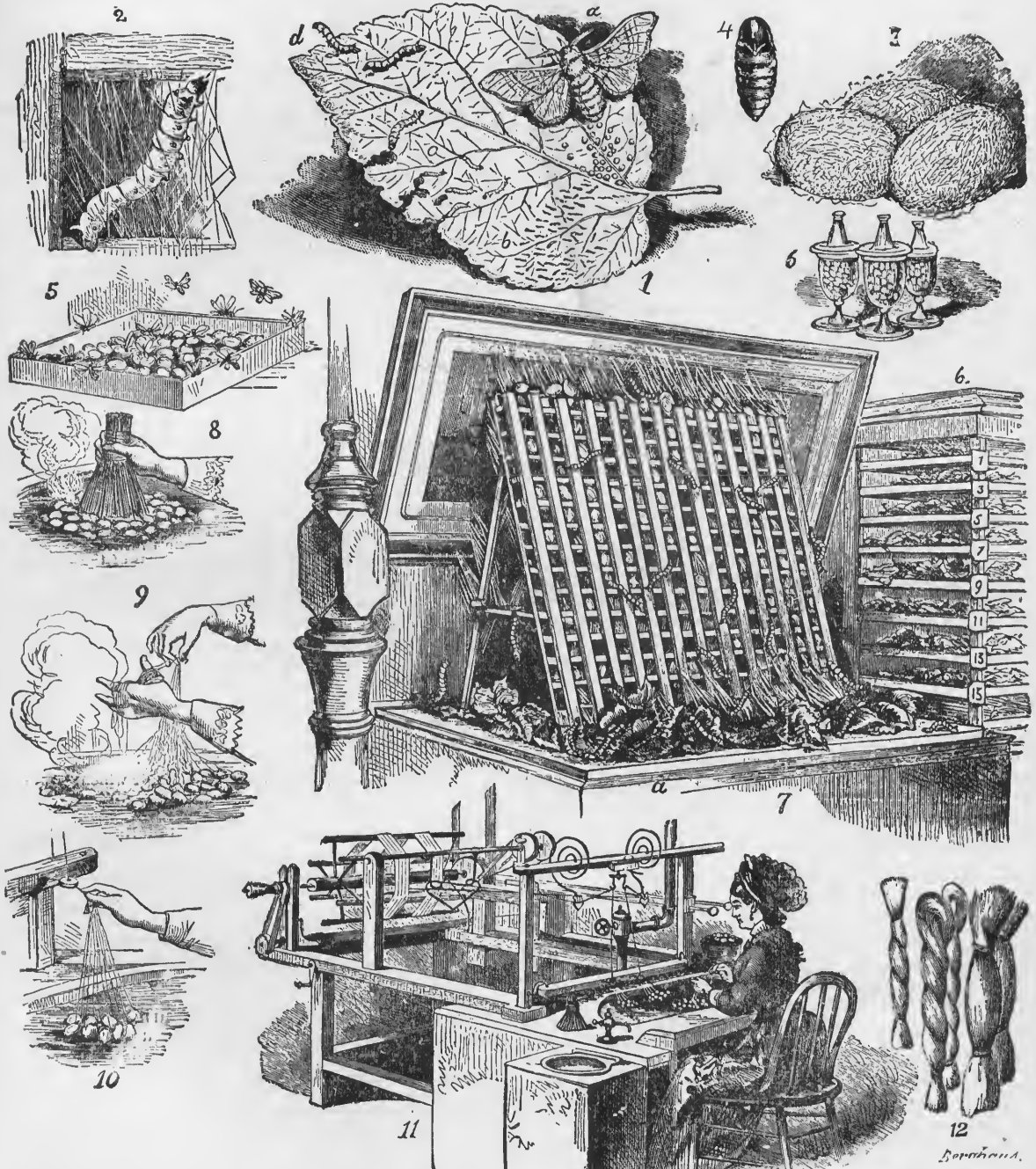
QUISQUIS.

An Anecdote of Gerard.

Gerard, the celebrated painter, was charged by the Emperor Napoleon I. to paint the battle of Austerlitz. In his composition of that great feat of arms, General Rapp was to be represented as coming up at full gallop to announce the winning of the battle. Everything was prepared on the canvas, and there only remained to place Rapp on horseback; but Gerard could not find a charger which suited his ideas. The Emperor had placed at his disposal, not only all the horses of his own stables, but ordered that those of all the cavalry regiments should be open to him. The animals were made to gallop, rear and perform all kinds of movements, but none of them pleased the painter, and Rapp still remained unmounted. One day, while walking along the boulevards, the painter, in passing a toy-shop, uttered an exclamation of delight on observing a small pasteboard horse, painted gray, and with a black head, which, from its position, looked as if it were about to jump out of the window. "Ah!" cried Gerard, "that is the horse for Rapp." It is said to be this animal which figures in the famous picture in the Museum at Versailles.

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The Manliness of Christ is a small but very significant book. The fact that it is written by the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" is sufficient to enlist the hearty interest of a multitude of the best readers. No Englishman is listened to in America with more respect and confidence than Mr. Hughes. And the subject of his book is exceedingly interesting. In opposition to a tendency long prevalent to represent Christ as weakly and effeminately good, but as deficient in the vigor, courage, fortitude, and heroic temper essential to a lofty type of manliness, Mr. Hughes marshals from the historical record of his life the amplest proof that not only was his goodness of the highest kind, but that in all the qualities that go to form perfect manliness he was supreme. It is a work greatly needing to be done, and it could not have fallen to the lot of one better fitted to do it. The positive influence of the book must be as great as its reading is delightful. \$1.00. The *Boston Journal* says:—

Mr. Hughes might almost be called an apostle of manliness. The career of his "Tom Brown" has been followed by all English-speaking lads and young men with the warmest interest, and has been accepted on all hands as a type of courage and manliness. Mr. Hughes will have a hearing which few writers could obtain, as he attempts to portray the character of Christ as first of all a manly and courageous character. He defines the tests of manliness, and then subjects to these tests the incidents which are recorded of Christ. He presents in a graphic and striking way the successive acts in that great and thrilling drama, and shows us at every point the figure of Christ as an embodiment of strength, vigor, endurance, and courage. The little volume is so compact that it might be read at a sitting, but thoughtful readers will prefer not to hasten through its pages.

Miss Phelps's "Sealed Orders" is justly regarded one of the most noteworthy of recent stories, and one not to be skipped by good readers. The *Boston Advertiser* remarks:—

Seventeen of Miss Phelps's stories have been collected from the magazines where they first appeared and form a solid volume,—varied in its contents, and showing the many phases of the author's style. She deals chiefly with the forlorn and sorely tempted ones of the world, or with the uneducated and kindly people of small, isolated towns, and she sees with keen sympathy, or with a not unfriendly amusement, the struggles and short-comings of her characters. Whenever she pleases she can throw a golden haze over her scenes and her people, or can half hide them in a veil of mysticism. And all this makes her a popular story-teller.

The Interior, of Chicago, says:—

No one of the popular writers puts more of thought and of truth in her stories and descriptions and in her analysis of character than Miss Phelps.

Household Management and Cookery comprehend no small part of the comfort and convenience of home life. Any one who contributes to scientific knowledge and practical skill in these is a public benefactor. And this is what Miss Parloa does in her little book on this subject. As the *Golden Rule* observes:—

Miss Parloa begins at the beginning, and takes her pupils through a complete course of theoretical and practical instruction, making each step plain and part of a necessary order of progress. Though designed as a text-book, it is well adapted for self-instruction,—the lessons in cookery, especially, being just such as are needed in the ordinary family-life. Miss Parloa has, in a rare degree, the art of imparting instruction, and as she knows so much about household management, she does the public a great service by putting her knowledge at its disposal in so compact and cheap a form.

All who have looked at the little book are struck with its good sense and clearness. 75 cts.

American Poems is pronounced by the *New Englander* "a book for Americans to be proud of, not merely that so much is here brought together as to give a just idea of the wealth of our poetical literature, but that the arrangement and notes reveal discernment and accuracy of learning. Though these poems are familiar to most students of our literature, few would conjecture how many notes, for instance, in the "Evangeline" and the "Courtship of Miles Standish" are really needful for the young reader, and how many passages gain clearness even for older persons from Mr. Seudder's judicious explanations. This is particularly true of Holmes's "School-Boy" * * * We trust that the book will have a wide use, and that Mr. Seudder will be thus rewarded for the devotion of his fine taste to the advancement of literature in our schools." \$1.25

Mr. Winsor's Admirable Handbook of the American Revolution is heartily appreciated by students of history and especially by those who wish to know just how the Revolution was regarded while coming on, while in progress, and after it ended, by both Americans and English. \$1.25 The *Boston Transcript* says:—

A volume most modest in its size, but marvelous for the fullness and thoroughness of its contents. The literature of the American Revolution, as coming from both sides of the ocean, and from both parties to the strife, is here calendared, indexed, distributed under dates, subjects, and incidents, and traced in histories, biographies, and in all the forms of composition, permanent or fugitive.

George Ticknor's Life and Letters, by common consent of European and American critics one of the most engaging of modern biographies, is now published in two duodecimo volumes, for \$4.00. These contain the two portraits and the view of Mr. Ticknor's library, given in the original edition. The *London Examiner* said of the biography:

The work is, perhaps, one of the most valuable which America has contributed to the literature of the world; it is certainly the most interesting.

Dr. R. S. Maekenzie, in the *Philadelphia Press*, pronounced it—

As charming as Boswell's Johnson, Lockhart's Scott, Forster's Goldsmith, or Ticknor's own biography of Prescott.

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TITIENS' NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

Mademoiselle Titiens was lying quietly in bed after the first performance of "Norma," when suddenly she heard a noise as if coming through the fire-place down the chimney. With great presence of mind she quietly sat up in her bed, when she received a blow in the face, and the whole of her body trembled under the shock of something that fell from her. She instantly jumped out of bed, rang the bell violently for her chamber-maid, and stretched her hand out for her revolver. The door opened, in came the maid with a light in her hand, frightened to death at the summons, fearful lest her mistress should be ill. The first thing she did when she saw Mlle. Titiens out of bed was to approach her with great solicitude, but before Mlle. Titiens could say one word her maid, hesitating, looked round the room and then burst out laughing with such tremendous force that her mistress was frightened, seeing her maid going mad. "O madame!" cried the girl, and she laughed and she roared. "But what is the matter?" said Mlle. Titiens. "Are you crazy? You see me?" "Of course I do," roared the girl. "Eugenie, are you really mad?" "O madame!" said the girl, and she held her side, and all she could say was, "Looking glass!" The noise attracted Miss Gusthl, Mlle. Titiens' niece, who, in her probably very light costume, considering the nightly hour, must have looked a charming picture of affrighted innocence. Seeing her aunt standing up, and the French maid rolling in the arm-chair beyond control, she got, of course, very angry; but on looking closer at the great prima donna, she staggered back and screamed too. Thus, under supposition of an attempt at murder, and between two pretty girls, a blonde and a brunette, going mad, Mlle. Titiens at last mechanically turned to the looking-glass, when, to her utter amazement, the great prima donna beheld a negro minstrel so like herself, that she could not help bursting out herself in laughter. The noise and crash in the chimney, and inextinguishable laughter of her maid, were simply caused by a ball of soot detached from the chimney, which had fallen to the ground and had blackened the prima donna's face and bed, and all the surroundings. The only logical deduction from the story we can make is that, with the enormous versatility of Mlle. Titiens, evidently everything will *soot* her.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 104.

Bochsa's Joke.

"Eva Hawthorne" tells the following amusing story of Bochsa, the eminent harpist:

"M. Bochsa, the harpist, gave a concert at Tremont Temple, Boston, some years since and appeared before the audience during the evening's performance for the purpose of playing any airs the audience might select, with impromptu embellishments and variations.

"You will please send me ze tune vot I shall play," proposed monsieur to his audience, as he came upon the platform.

"Half a dozen strips of paper immediately found their way to the stand, and monsieur B.

"O Dolce Concerto,"

"Yankee Doodle, (I know him vera vell. I play him one, two, tree—several times.)"

"Groves o' Blarney,"

"Yankee Doo—I have now two Yankee Doodils"—

"Non plu mesta,—tres bien!"

"The Star Spangled Banner!" shouted somebody in the crowd.

"Vot you say?" inquired Bochsa.

"Star Spangled Banner!"

"Monsieur didn't understand. He was a little hard of hearing. He stooped quietly down from the rostrum, and approached one of the aisles.

"Ze zgentilman vill ples to step to ze front."

"The stranger modestly declined.

"If ze zgentilman cannot come to me I mus' come to him."

"The audience took the 'cue,' and a general roar followed this announcement, during which the gentleman made his appearance.

"A round of applause greeted him as he passed to the foot of the passage way, where stood Monsieur in an attitude most provokingly grave, waiting for further explanation.

"Vot you say, sair?"

"The 'Star Spangled Banner,' I want."

"Scar Tangled Bannair,' Aha! N'comprende, monsieur."

"Not Scar Tangled, sir, Star Spangled Banner."

"Ze Banner! Oui,—un'erstan'—ze flag?"

"Yes, yes, the flag of the United States."

"Yes, sair. I remember him ver' mooch. Zat is, I do not recollect him, zactly. Monsieur, you know him?"

"Why, yes, to be sure; everybody knows the Star Spangled Banner."

"Tres bien, monsieur! Every Yankee zgentilman vistle. You shall vistle him in my ear!"

"Another shout went up from the audience, but the gentleman, nothing abashed, placed his mouth at the side of Bochsa's head, and commenced whistling the 'Star Spangled Banner' most philosophically, amid the convulsive shouts of the audience, who could not find the scene upon the bills for the evening.

"TRES BIEN, monsieur! vociferated Bochsa; elegant, superb! Monsieur, you you ver' fine musicien. I shall play the Scar Tangled Bannair with mooch plaisir!" and mounting the platform he commenced with a grand introduction to the several melodies proposed, which was followed by some highly-finished and exquisitely performed variations upon the air sent up, not forgetting the two 'Yankee Doodles,' always so certain a favorite.

"On a sudden, a crash of harmony leaped from the harp strings, taking the audience by surprise. An instant's rest followed, when our own beautiful national air, the 'Star Spangled Banner,' was produced with a most brilliant accompaniment, which 'brought down the house.'

"The volunteer who had whistled the air for the harpist now saw that he was the victim of Bochsa's practical joke, but good humoredly applauded with the rest.

"Bochsa was satisfied; the audience was pleased; and the splendid performer left the stage (with a quiet smile at the corner of his mouth) amid a perfect storm of plaudits."

DOING A FAVOR.

Early yesterday morning a poorly-dressed and seedy-looking person about fifty years old entered the post-office and proceeded to warm his hands at one of the registers. He made no inquiries about mail, and after he had been loafing around for about two hours a policeman got his eye on him and asked:

"Say, old man, have you got any business here?"

"Well, no," was the reply.

"Any work to do?"

"No. I kinder thought I'd lay off this winter."

"Any friends here?"

"No."

"I think you are a vagrant," continued the officer as he took another look at him.

"Mebbe I am," sighed the old man.

"And I think I'll take you down."

"Well, I'll go along."

The officer escorted him down to the station-house, registered his name and then proceeded to search his pockets. Each one panned out a "wad" of money, making a total of \$1,600.

"Why didn't you tell me you had this money?" demanded the policeman.

"Why didn't you ask me?"

"Didn't I tell you I took you for a vagrant, and you didn't deny it either?"

"Well, I didn't know anything about your city laws," quietly replied the old man. "I've got two married daughters, and I came in to buy each of 'em a \$600 piano for New Year's, but if it's ag'in any of your laws I'll take the next train for home. I'm gitting purty old, and I don't want no fuss with anybody."

"Well, you might have saved yourself all this trouble," said the officer, as he escorted him to the street.

"Don't mention it," was the answer. "If I took any trouble on your account it's all right and you need not thank me. I'm always willing to oblige anybody who can appreciate it. Purty cold day, isn't it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mlle. Sarah and the Critic.

A Paris correspondent tells a new story about Sarah Bernhardt to the effect that she once read in a certain Parisian paper the statement that her hair was false and that her teeth were far too good to be genuine. Next day the dramatic critic was amazed to behold a lady dash into his room and let down her hair in his presence. "Pull it!" she exclaimed, as she placed a luxuriant tress in one of his hands. "Is this real hair or not?" "Certainly, certainly," stammered the man. Catching hold of his other hand she opened her mouth—but happily not to bite—and made him finger her teeth. "Are these false?" shrieked the lady. "No; they are the most beautiful real teeth I ever beheld in my life," declared the terrified victim, who would have willingly sworn that black was white if it would have given his visitor the least satisfaction. "I am Sarah Bernhardt," proclaimed the lady, with as much serenity as she could possibly put into her voice, and the wretched critic made up his mind for the worst. He has since, says the correspondent, become one of her most devoted vassals, though, indeed, I do not know how any man would dare to be anything else.

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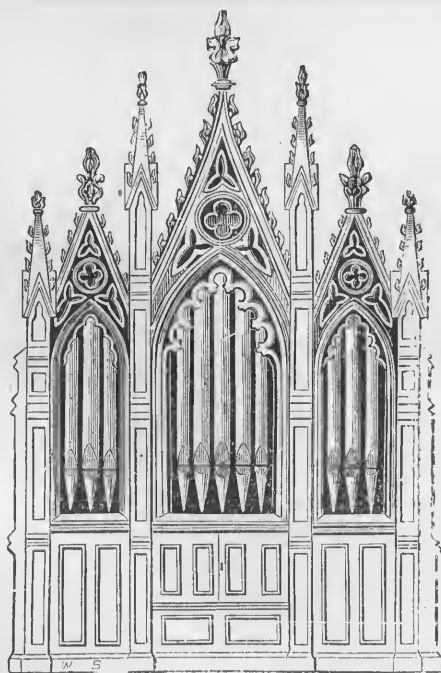
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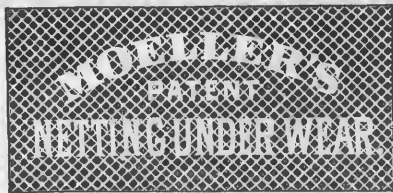
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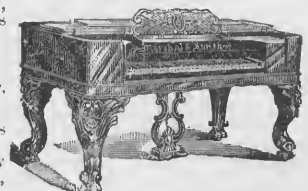
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